

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December



15^c
NOW
20¢ in Canada

Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford Unmasks Hollywood for Franchot Tone
Mae West Tells How To "Get Your Man"
Why You Love Marie Dressler



A Famous Caricaturist's Conception of
METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER'S
New Comedy Team
May ROBSON • Polly MORAN

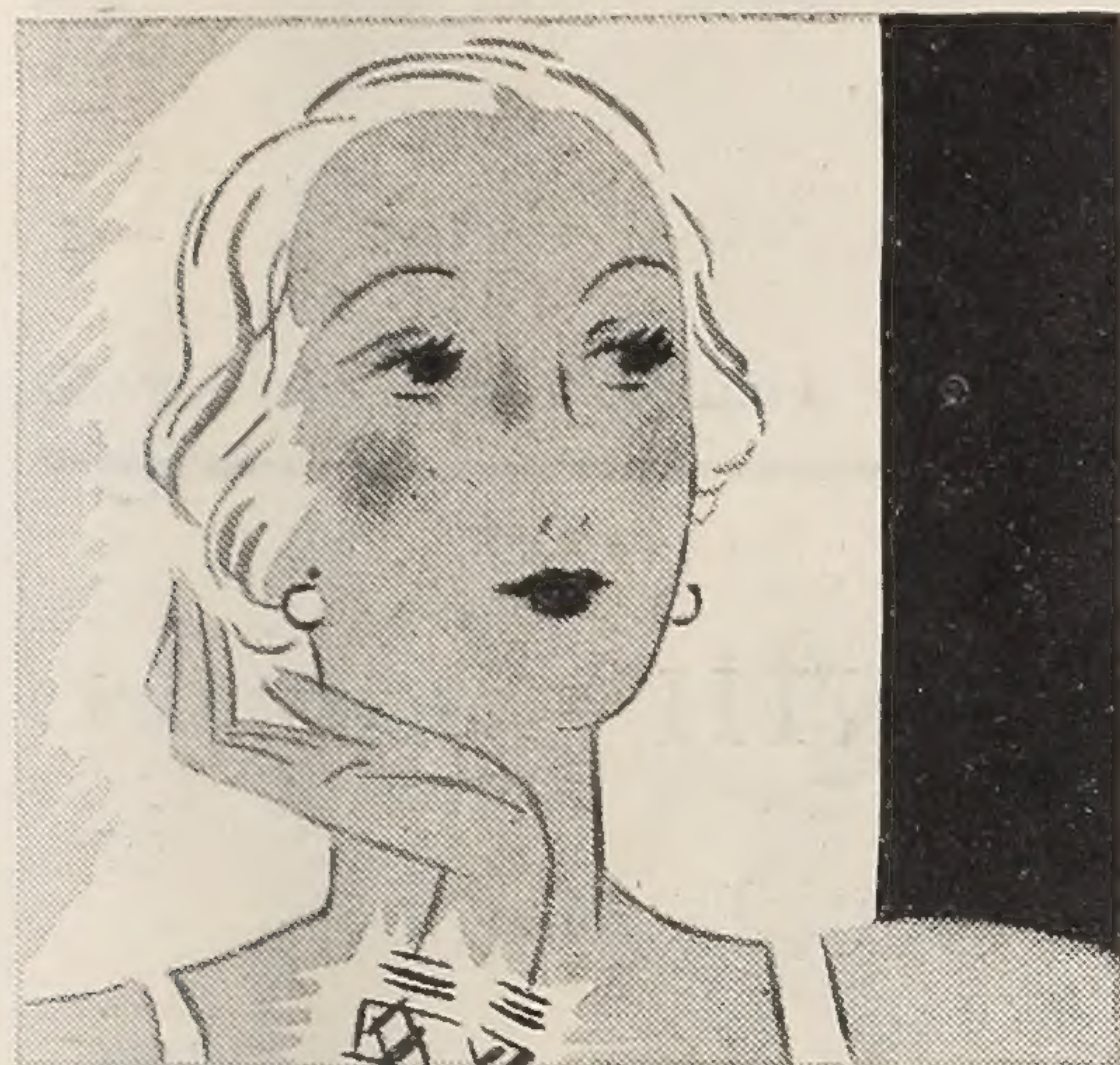
Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner, Director

Harry Rapf, Associate Producer

Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!



Mildred's eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred's brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there's a "but" about Mildred!



Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Mildred is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the "but" about Mildred spoils her good times!



Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the "but" about Mildred is her teeth!



Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"



If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!



Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

ARE you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

Your dentist knows just as much about "pink tooth brush" as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that "pink tooth brush" can be corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you *don't* correct "pink tooth brush," your teeth may become dull

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirable and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea . . . that the soundest of your teeth may be endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to

give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred's gums . . . and yours . . . tend to bleed. They are inactive.

They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will brighten. Your gums will soon be firm. And you'll be attractive when you smile!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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OCT 28 1933

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Norma Shearer,
who will tell
you, next month,
her secrets of
success.



NORMA SHEARER TELLS HOW TO ESCAPE HOLLYWOOD'S PITFALLS!

For the first time a great screen star tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about the hazards of a Hollywood career.

Norma Shearer has reached the top of the ladder. How did she do it? She tells you frankly and fearlessly in one of the most amazing stories ever written. Miss Shearer states her own personal recipe for outsmarting the movie jinxes.

Every young American who has screen ambitions should read this remarkable story. We have no hesitation in calling it the finest film feature in many months.

Don't miss the next issue, the January number of SCREENLAND, on sale November 24.

December, 1933

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXVIII, No. 2

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN CRAWFORD.....	Charles Sheldon
AN OPEN LETTER TO KATHARINE HEPBURN.....	Delight Evans 17
THE REAL LIFE STORY OF LILLIAN HARVEY.....	James M. Fidler 18
JEAN HARLOW'S 3rd MARRIAGE.....	James Marion 21
WHY YOU LOVE MARIE DRESSLER.....	Hal Howe 22
REUNION ON LONG ISLAND.....	Leonard Hall 24
"DOLLAR A WORD".....	Beth Brown 26
JOAN CRAWFORD UNMASKS HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANCHOT TONE.....	Ben Maddox 28
IN THE "GRAND HOTEL" OF HOLLYWOOD.....	Vicki Baum 31
MAE WEST TELLS HOW TO "GET YOUR MAN".....	Dickson Morley 32

PERSONALITIES:

LOWE AND BEHOLD! HERE'S EDMUND.....	Mortimer Franklin 30
MIRACLE MARY. Mary Pickford.....	Alfred Hughes 51
THE RETURN OF LILLIAN GISH.....	Leonard Hall 52
"WE." Herbert Marshall.....	Jed Barker 56
SHE ISN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL. Kay Francis.....	Carlisle Jones 57

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Portrait Drawing of Claudette Colbert. Luscious Lines! (Joan Crawford's Exclusive Fashions). Darling Daughter! (Margaret Lindsay). Care-free Ricardo! (Ricardo Cortez). Who said "Three's a Crowd?" (Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Gary Cooper in "Design For Living"). Dainty Diplomat! (Heather Angel). Laugh, Lew, Laugh! (Lew Ayres). The Gracious Gaynor! (Janet Gaynor). The Blithe Blondell! (Joan Blondell). Languorous Lady! (Patricia Ellis). Crisp Cavalier! (Adolphe Menjou). The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

HONOR PAGE.....	6
SCREEN NEWS.....	8
THE PUBLIC BE HEARD. Letters from the Audience.....	10
TAGGING THE TALKIES. Short Reviews.....	14
SCREENLAND'S GLAMOR SCHOOL.....	54
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans 58
PERFUMES. Beauty.....	Katharine Hartley 60
DRAMA IN THE AIR. Radio.....	Evelyn Ballarine 61
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD.....	Weston East 62
FEMI-NIFTIES.....	Katharine Hartley 68
ASK ME.....	Miss Vee Dee 77



She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one... The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.



...*Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey...with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



SCREENLAND

Honor Page

To Leslie Howard for the screen's most romantic performance, in "Berkeley Square"



That fine and subtle actor, Leslie Howard of London, New York, and Hollywood, surpasses himself in the leading rôle of that beautiful motion picture, "Berkeley Square." No other actor could have played it with such sensitiveness. No other actor could have played it at all!



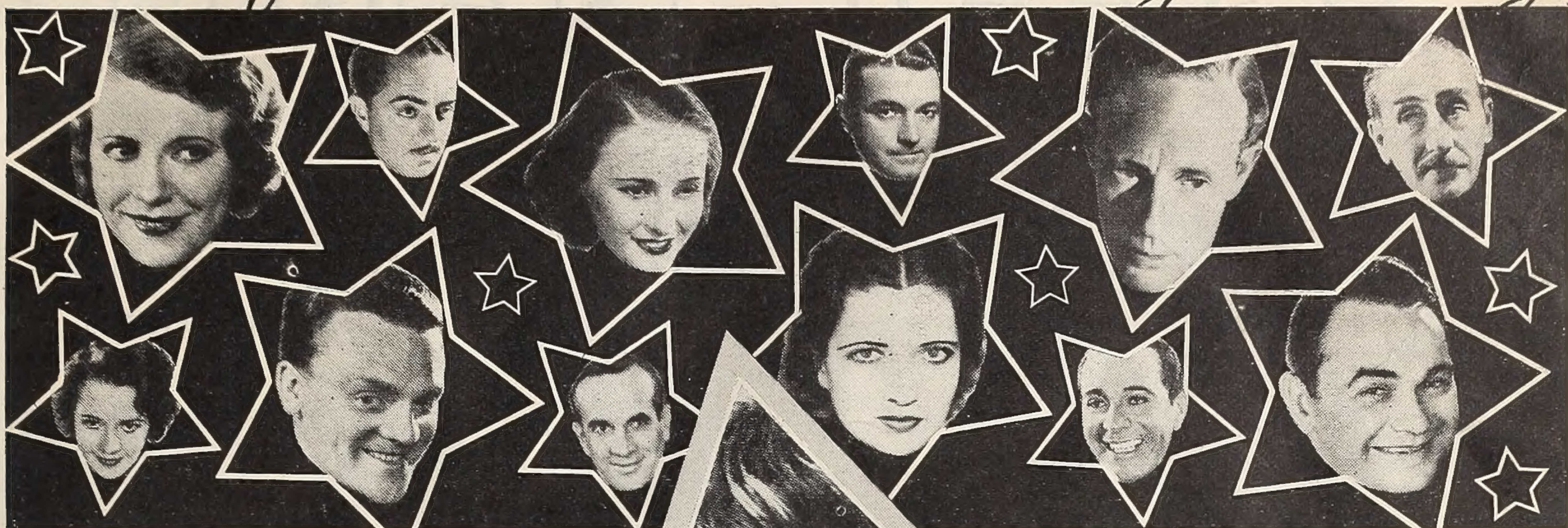
Sharing honors with Mr. Howard in "Berkeley Square" is the lovely little Heather Angel, as lyric as her name! Miss Angel brings to her part of the heroine of this love story a tender charm seldom seen on the screen. Left, Mr. Howard and Heather Angel in one of the appealing scenes from the picture.

Below, Mr. Howard with Betty Lawford in a scene from the modern sequence of "Berkeley Square," the picture which establishes Jesse Lasky once and for all as one of the truly imaginative fine screen producers.

LESLIE HOWARD, we salute you! Your acting in "Berkeley Square" reassures us that a fine actor need not go Hollywood. He may live and work there and remain a fine actor. You have. It can be done! Certainly your performance of the poetic, charming young lover of "Berkeley Square" is your best for the screen. What other actor can convince an audience that he is in love with a ghost-girl? What other actor can appear at ease in the costumes of the eighteenth century? You, Leslie Howard, are the Great Romantic of the Movies, whether in the setting of "Berkeley Square" or a Hollywood story. Don't ever go modern on us!



Now from Warner Bros.' glittering



star-ranks

blazes...

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The Star Company"... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!



Paul Muni
in
"THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MACMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK
And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

Screen News!



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert show you their mugs (of ale) in this still from "Queen Christina." The making of this film is doubly an event, marking Greta's resumption of picture work and her screen reunion with her old love of the dear, dead silent picture days.

A FEW weeks after securing her divorce from Hoot Gibson, declaring that she would never marry again, Sally Eilers eloped by plane to Yuma, Arizona, with director Harry Joe Brown. Not the least surprised among her Hollywood friends was the handsome Mr. James Dunn. Hoot Gibson, Sally's ex-, may soon follow suit by marrying pretty Joan Gale.

Many Hollywood notables attended the wedding of Sally and Harry Joe, including Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Lew Cody, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), and others.

AMONG the more exciting rumors is the one that places Clara Bow and Rex Bell at the parting of the ways. The "It" Girl, now at work in "Hoopla," and her cowboy-actor-husband, are said to be on the verge of calling it a day.

MAE WEST told several chorus beauties at her studio that the real secret to sex appeal is good health. Girls everywhere may profit from Miss West's advice to the chorines:

"Spend at least six hours a week developing your body, girls," said Mae. "Good health means a full quota of sex appeal. Sleep at least nine hours every night, for vitality is necessary if you hope to attract men. As for beauty treatments, spend just as much time as you can spare beautifying yourselves. But before all else, take care of your health. Anæmic women don't interest men."

ANOTHER elopement during this big Amarital month was that of Boots Malory and Bill Cagney, brother of the illustrious James. They were married at Agua Caliente, Mexico.

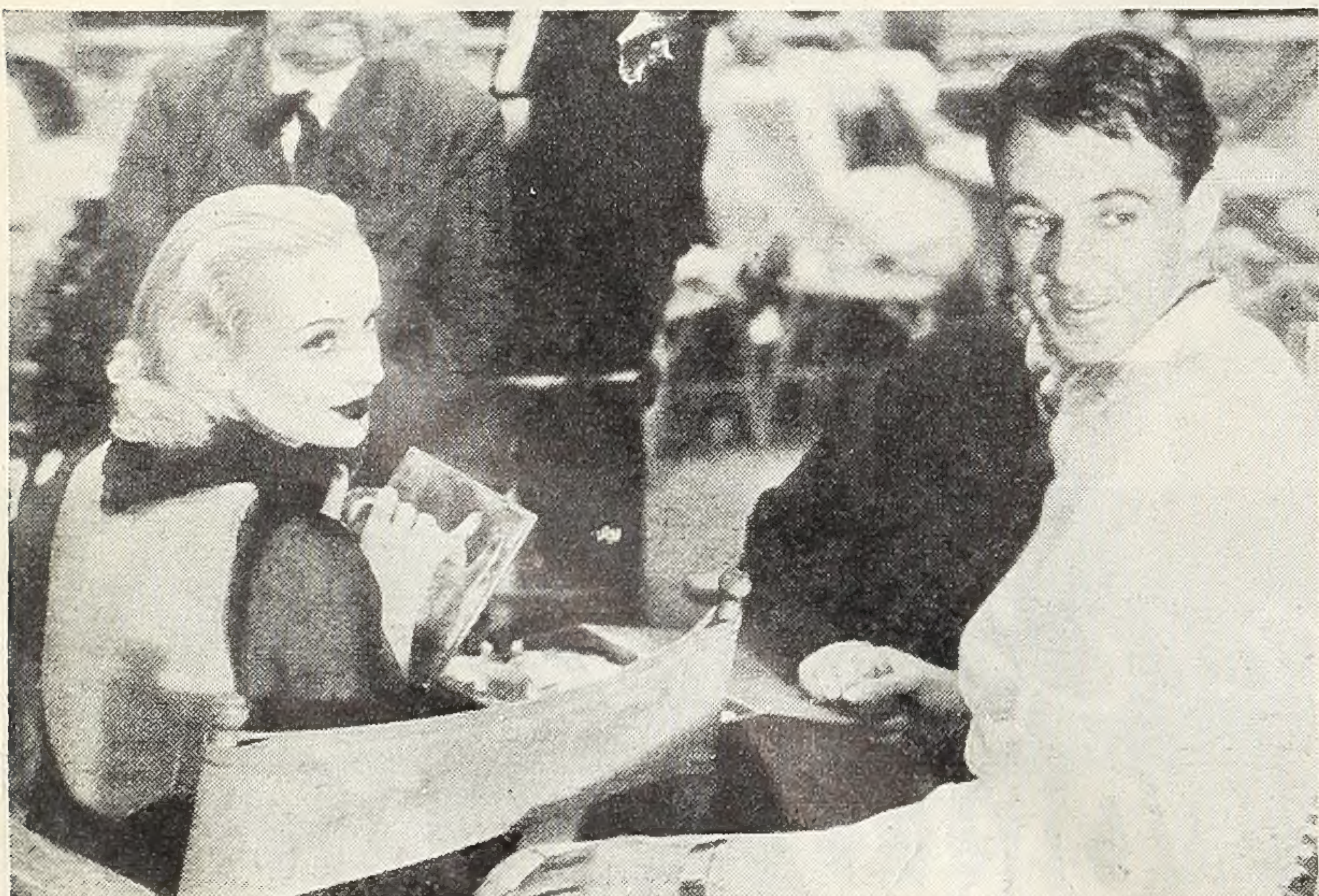
Filmland follies
from the inside
looking out



Wide World

Here's the first published picture of the little-known Peter Bennett, five-year-old adopted son of Connie. He's going to school in Switzerland when he grows up to be seven.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER and Lupe Velez, who as you know have been one of Hollywood's principal pairs of bill-and-coopers, may be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this. Somehow it's just a bit difficult getting used to the idea of the volcanic Lupe as a sedate little matron; but she's deeply devoted to her Johnny and eager for his happiness. Here's luck!



International

Carole receives a caller. Gary Cooper strolled over from a neighboring set to see how Miss Lombard was faring in "White Woman." Can you wait to see Gary as the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland"?



Acme

Kay Francis, cool and lovely as always, watches some tournament tennis from her perch high up in the stands at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. With her is her director husband, Kenneth McKenna.

The stamp of superlative entertainment



WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



The Public Be Heard!

The first eight letters receive prizes of five dollars each

PICTURE PIPE DREAMS!

I hope to see:
 Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a talkie of "The Dark Angel."
 Herbert Marshall and Kay Francis in "The Admirable Crichton."
 Helen Hayes, Janet Gaynor, H. B. Warner in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."
 Norma Shearer and Phillips Holmes as Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen.

E. M.
 Plainfield, N. J.

This is a month of raves—good, honest, unaffected "whoops" and "bravos" for the lads and ladies of the screen who have won the hearts of our susceptible letter-writers. Raves outspoken and insistent, raves subtle and restrained, pour in to prove that old-fashioned star worship isn't dead by any means. Read those printed herewith, and see for yourself!

Besides these enthusiastic encomiums, there's a running fire of trenchant commentary on general movie matters and modes to be found in this month's mail. You'll find a few of them in these pages, reproduced so that they who run (the movies) may read.

There's more reason than ever before for trying your hand at these brief comments, now that the unusual number of prizes gives everyone a chance. Try your hand at a SCREENLAND "swift"—the best eight letters each month receive prizes of \$5 each. You don't have to be a "writer"—all we require is an idea, clearly and concisely expressed. Keep your letters within fifty words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

GENTLE GIBES

Joan Crawford: Betty Co-ed as Camille.
 Helen Chandler: Alice in Movieland.
 Elissa Landi: Frozen Autumn.
 Katharine Hepburn: Juliet in Murals.
 Phillips Holmes: Apollo at Princeton.
 Marlene Dietrich: Moonlight on Silver.
 Greta Garbo: Isolde of the Ice-lands.
 Leslie Howard: Critic in Pall Mall.
 John Barrymore: Faun in Society.
 Clive Brook: Galsworthy Hero.

Frank Eugene Ford,
 2514 Verbena St.,
 New Orleans, La.

SHHH! ANOTHER "CYCLE"?

Why doesn't some producer give us a stirring Civil War picture? It's been so

By popular demand, this month's "Miss Public Be Heard"—Jean Harlow! See her in "Bombshell," with Lee Tracy.

"Swifties" from SCREENLAND readers

long since we've seen one, the idea should go over big. What have we now to equal those romantic days, not to mention the thrilling battle scenes, songs and marches so popular then?

Betty Patterson,
 6319 Monitor St.,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

CONNIE AND JOAN IN CRINOLINES?

The Barrymore brothers have made such a success of co-starring, why not a picture featuring the Bennett sisters?

I'd suggest "Vanity Fair" for them, with Connie as *Becky Sharp* and Joan as *Amelia*. In my opinion they'd fit the rôles perfectly, and wouldn't they look cute in the costumes!

Dee Chapman,
 1532 Wilshire Blvd.,
 Los Angeles, Calif.

CHEERIO!

I think Jean Harlow is the sweetest star in pictures! Of course all the Harlow-haters think differently; but they in-

Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN
in
"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!



with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON

DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR



MERIAN C. COOPER
Executive Producer

Twenty million have read
the book...Fifty million
will love the picture!

variably judge her by the rôles she plays. I, for one, do not.

Then here's to Jean—the sweetest, most beautiful, most talented girl in the entire movie colony!

Thelma Pavey,
Fort Ogden, Fla.

RAVE ON—YOU'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT!

I shan't rest in my condemnation of producers who ignore transcendent talent for inferior work until I see Frank Morgan's name emblazoned across the marquees where it belongs. Viennese barrister, drunken doctor, heartless publisher, he enacts each with flawless perfection. Can you name his superior? I can't!

John E. Fobes,
693 Shatto Place,
Los Angeles, Calif.

CHECK!

Remember the little *Grand Duchess* in "Rasputin"?

Remember the poor little girl who killed herself in "What Price Innocence"?

Remember the little peasant girl in "Storm at Daybreak"?

That's Jean Parker—and one of these days she's going to be a great actress and a great star!

Ann Cote,
32 Palmer St.,
Salem, Mass.

AN ULTIMATUM TO ANN!

So Ann Harding wants to quit the movies! And because she "thinks she's a failure!" She is a superb actress and a classic beauty. If she quits, I'll quit too; at least, till she returns. So, Ann, if you

don't want our home-town theatre to go broke—STAY!

Rosa Lu Hucks,
626 Park St.,
Mullins, S. C.

WELCOME BACK, BARRY!

I was glad to note the return of Barry Norton, one of the screen's most talented young juveniles, in "Cocktail Hour."

Though not endowed with the Arliss or Barrymore genius, Mr. Norton can "act rings around" most of the current leading men. Let's see him more often!

Milly Buranitz,
244 60th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAUGHS WANTED!

Of course, comedy can't hold the lion's share of pictures as drama does. We would soon tire of it. However, we do need more of the slapstick of Laurel and Hardy and the more subtle humor of Will Rogers. Remember, people are more prone to tears than to laughter.

T. Waruzyla,
185 Beacon St.,
Worcester, Mass.

BOW, BAXTER, BOW!

We want romance—strong, clean romance—in films. And for such rôles was Warner Baxter created. As a "free lance" player he has nothing to fear for the future. He will endure with the greatest.

What a crowning success might be his in an appearance opposite the peerless Dietrich!

Alice H. Dixon,
Liverpool,
Nova Scotia.

THE ENRAPTURING ARLISS

What an amazing actor is George Arliss! I have just seen his "Voltaire," and was enraptured by his portrayal of this great historical figure. Why not more of these screenplays that bring to life for the public such significant historic events?

Lydia N. Sternberg,
c/o Anderson,
511 W. 167th St.,
New York City.

"GENIUS"? WHY NOT?

Ernst Lubitsch is the only truly great director in Hollywood, whose every venture is akin to perfection. The distinction of Lubitsch's comedies is due wholly to his own individuality. His work is that of a genius: consistent in its excellence, and seemingly boundless in its scope.

Theodore Duval,
374 Central Park West,
New York City.

FREDRIC THE GREAT!

Here's an extra loud cheer for a great artist and a grand actor. A man with natural charm. A man with *real* acting ability. His name—as if anyone could doubt it—is Fredric March. Producers, keep on showing him to us in rôles that are worthy of his genius!

Edna Medved,
767 E. State St.,
Trenton, N. J.

TUSH!

I'll bet Ann Harding's mind is a nice pink healthy place with a couple of dimples in it.

Charlotte Morrison,
114 Findlay St.,
Seattle, Wash.



Keystone

Here's your favorite movie queen as you like to see her—soft, feminine, seductive! This picture was taken as Marlene left Paris for the boat to take her back to America and Hollywood, where she is now at work on a picture based on the life of Catherine the Great of Russia.

DO YOU WANT A SCREEN STAR FIGURE ?

I HAVE TRAINED Many Famous Stars

The jobs, the salaries, the popularity of the movie stars depend almost entirely on their physical fitness, beauty, allure and charm. "Moulder of Beautiful Feminine Figures" is a name that has been given me in Hollywood. Movie girls, one after another, come to me with this all-important problem of keeping their bodies graceful, seductive, well-formed and appealing. I have helped many to gain high places in pictures and helped them to stay there through their physical attractiveness.

I can help you, too, to have an alluring, tempting body, the grace and charm of a "Harlow," "Crawford," "Blondell." Read my amazing offer below.

Joe Bonomo

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD FREE SCREEN & TALKIE TEST

To all women who enroll in my Physical Culture Course, NOW, at this special low price offer, I give the chance for a FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and FREE SCREEN AND TALKIE TEST. (This remarkable chance to gain movie fame may never again be offered with my Course at this special price.) But most of all I offer the opportunity of moulding your body... developing those tempting curves, that physical appeal, that quality that all men desire in the women they wish to possess. Firm, well-rounded breasts, satiny skin, graceful legs and ankles, thighs and hips of seductive contour... ALL THESE DESIRABLE PHYSICAL qualities CAN BE YOURS.

SPECIAL LOW PRICE OFFER including chance for MOVIE FAME ACT QUICKLY

My complete course of "Feminine Figure Moulding," the same course I have personally given many beautiful Movie

SPECIAL OFFER COMPLETE COURSE FEMININE FIGURE MOULDING

\$2.98

THE COURSE THAT KEEPS THE MOVIE
GIRLS ALLURING... Money Back Guarantee

Stars, I now offer to you at a special low price. The course will come to you at one time, complete in every detail... fully illustrated by movie stars showing the simple exercises that have brought tempting figures to hundreds of my students. ALL MATERIAL, entry blanks, etc., for the FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and SCREEN AND TALKIE TEST will also accompany the course.



YOU CAN HAVE A FIGURE THAT MEN ADMIRE

by simply following the course I send you. Imagine the joy, the confidence in knowing that wherever you go you'll be the center of attraction. "The woman with the tempting figure" can be YOU. If reducing or lack of weight is your problem, my course can solve it for you. If you are flat-chested or have an over-developed bust, my course will show you how to secure the beautiful feminine curves so much desired. Say to yourself right now "I'm going to have an attractive, alluring figure." Then

SEND FOR MY COURSE TODAY
Remember, this special low-price offer is limited.

Joe Bonomo, Bonomo Bldg.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Send me at once, your complete course of Feminine Figure Moulding. I enclose \$2.98 in full payment (which also entitles me to chance for FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and free screen and talkie test). I understand my chance to win is based upon progress made while taking your course. Also that in case of two or more winners being chosen, all will be offered the FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD and screen and talkie test.

Name
Address
City State



One Sunday Afternoon
Paramount

Excellent acting and sensitive direction turn this poignant little screen comedy of the 1890's into a better show than its stage original. The atmosphere of a generation ago is recaptured with loving realism, and Gary Cooper contributes a fine performance as the gentle braggart, *Biff Grimes*. Frances Fuller of Broadway, in her screen debut, proves surprisingly fresh and adroit as his wistful little bride. Fay Wray scores.

Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Pages 58-59



Penthouse
M-G-M

Here's a colorful melodrama that will keep you entertained throughout. Warner Baxter, as a brilliant criminal lawyer, carries the weight of the film on his very handsome shoulders. Myrna Loy was never more luscious—and she proves herself a clever comedienne here. You'll be fascinated by the way Baxter, aided by Myrna, solves the mystery of the murder of Mae Clarke. Put this on your "preferred" list.



Beauty for Sale
M-G-M

Handsomely produced and interesting throughout, this comedy-drama depicts the lives of three little girls in the big city against a background of the beauty-shop business. After seeing her two friends, Una Merkel and Florine McKinney, come to grief, Madge Evans hesitates upon the brink of sin and returns to the straight and narrow path. Good acting by the girls, Alice Brady, Otto Kruger, May Robson.



S.O.S. Iceberg
Universal

Scenically, very much something! The frozen beauty of the Arctic is revealed in all its grandeur in this melodrama filmed in the far North. Dramatically, disappointing. It relates the adventures of a brave band of intrepid explorers, led by your old friend Rod La Rocque. Thrills include unruly glaciers, battling polar bears, and a last-minute rescue by airplane. Well worth seeing for the scenic interest.



Bureau of Missing Persons
First National

Producers are pioneering again. We found out about gangsters and chain-gangs from films and now we learn what happens to the thousands who disappear yearly. Most of this film is based on actual fact—it's exciting and highly interesting. Like life, it's both grim and gay! Excellent direction and splendid acting by Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis, Lewis Stone. Recommended? Absolutely! Don't miss it.



Wild Boys of the Road
First National

The plight of Young America in the days of depression. Frankie (grand actor) Darro and Edwin Phillips strike out for the big city for work when poverty hits home. They hop freights and discover that thousands of youngsters are on "the open road." They band together and meet hunger and tragedy at every turn. It's potent and powerful, but it ends well. Honorable mention to Dorothy Coonan and Ann Hovey.



Broadway to Hollywood
M-G-M

Here's a vast, pungent and realistic chronicle of the advance of show business from the 'eighties of Tony Pastor's day down to the talkies of the present. Three generations of *Hacketts*, faithful troupers, and the varying fortunes of the industry, and Frank Morgan and Alice Brady, in excellent characterizations, carrying the burden of the story. Madge Evans and Russ Hardie provide the romance.



One Man's Journey
R-K-O

Behold a latter-day "doctor's dilemma," in which a country physician with old-fashioned ideals is torn between duty and desire for professional advancement. Barrymore gives a moving performance as the self-sacrificing medico, and the film, despite occasional elements of melodrama, presents an honest, intelligent story. The strong supporting cast includes Joel McCrea, Joel McCrea, and Joel McCrea.

The Solitaire Man M-G-M

There are bright lines, breathless situations, and a different idea in this polite crook melodrama. As a diamond collector who neglects to pay for his acquisitions, Herbert Marshall is suave and ingratiating. Most of the action occurs in a Paris-London plane, with many surprises. Elizabeth Allan, May Robson and Ralph Forbes are good; and Lionel Atwill, unobscured by tricky make-up, gives his best performance.

Her First Mate Universal

With better comedy material than usually falls to their lot, Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville serve up a number of genuine laughs in their best co-starring picture to date. Slim is the mate of a Hudson River boat who hankers for deep-sea sailing. Zasu, his wife, by way of granting him his wish, prevails upon him to buy a ferry-boat! Una Merkel, George Marion, and Warren Hymer add to the funny business.

The Secret of the Blue Room Universal

Who murdered Onslow Stephens in the Blue Room? No, you're wrong, it wasn't Lionel Atwill! You'll find this mystery film a little disappointing—it isn't quite fool-proof. However, the cast including Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, William Janney, and of course, Atwill all contribute good performances. And besides that, there are sliding panels, dark halls and other reliable aids to spooky atmosphere!

This Day and Age Paramount

Cecil B. DeMille puts the Younger Generation through its paces in this rather incredible tale of a mob of boys and girls who take the law into their own hands to quell the racketeers. There are mob scenes in DeMille's best manner, and Charles Bickford, the head scoundrel, gets his deserts. Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen score in leading rôles. Several "Juniors" of famous film personalities assist.

Shanghai Madness Fox

It's Spencer Tracy's potent personality that puts over this too, too infantile story. He plays the screen's most heroic hero—fighting revolutionists practically alone! Of course, he did it all to rescue his cinema sweetheart, Fay Wray, who was in the mission that was being fired upon. This film packs plenty of action; and the comedy is handled by Eugene Pallette and Herbert Mundin in their usual expert manner.

Ann Vickers R-K-O

An Irene Dunne triumph! She recreates the heroine of Sinclair Lewis' novel and makes her a real and vibrant person. Irene, as a social worker, gives a forceful yet sympathetic performance. Second histrionic honors go to Walter Huston for his characterization of a somewhat shady judge. Edna Mae Oliver gets the comedy award. For your "Must" list.

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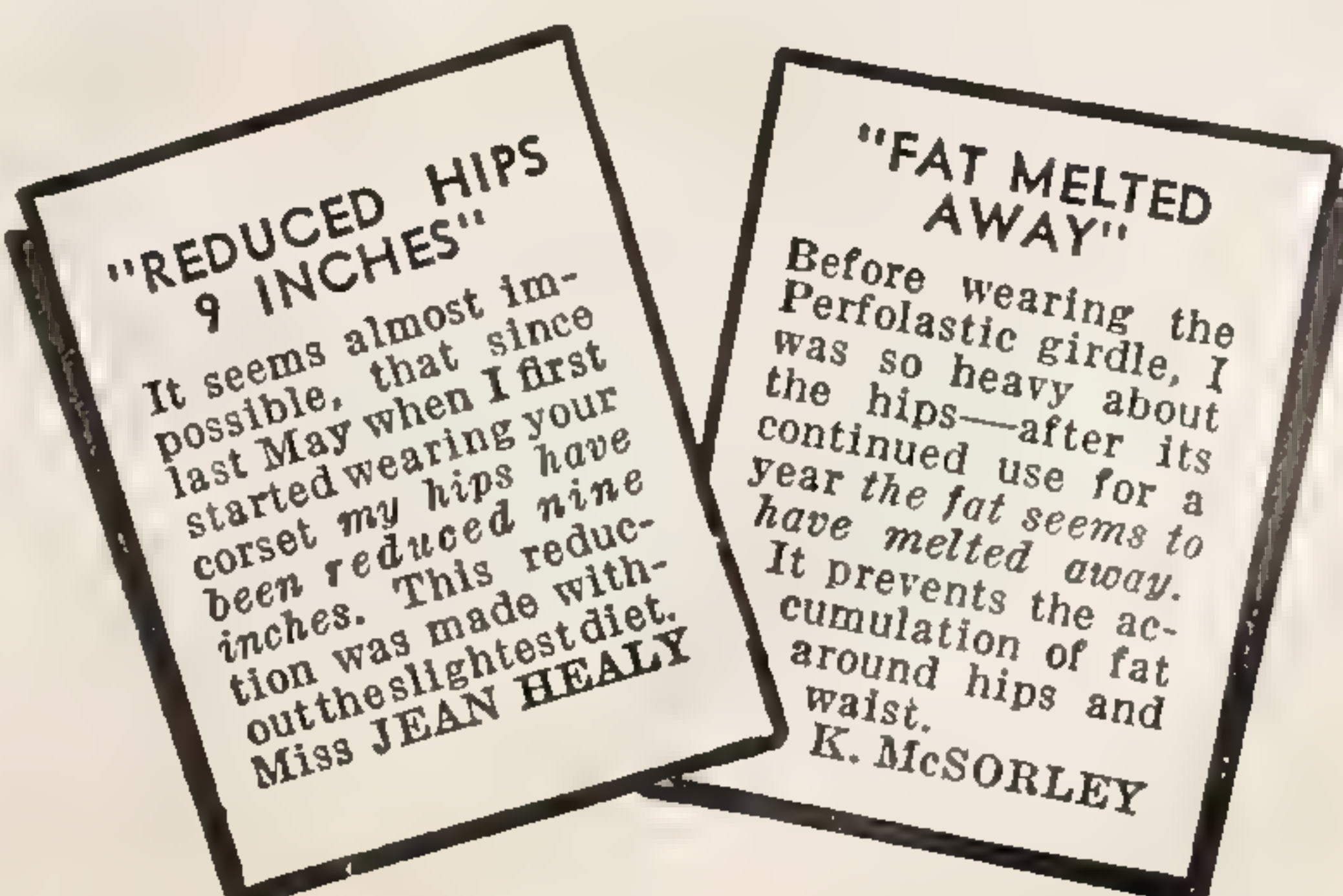
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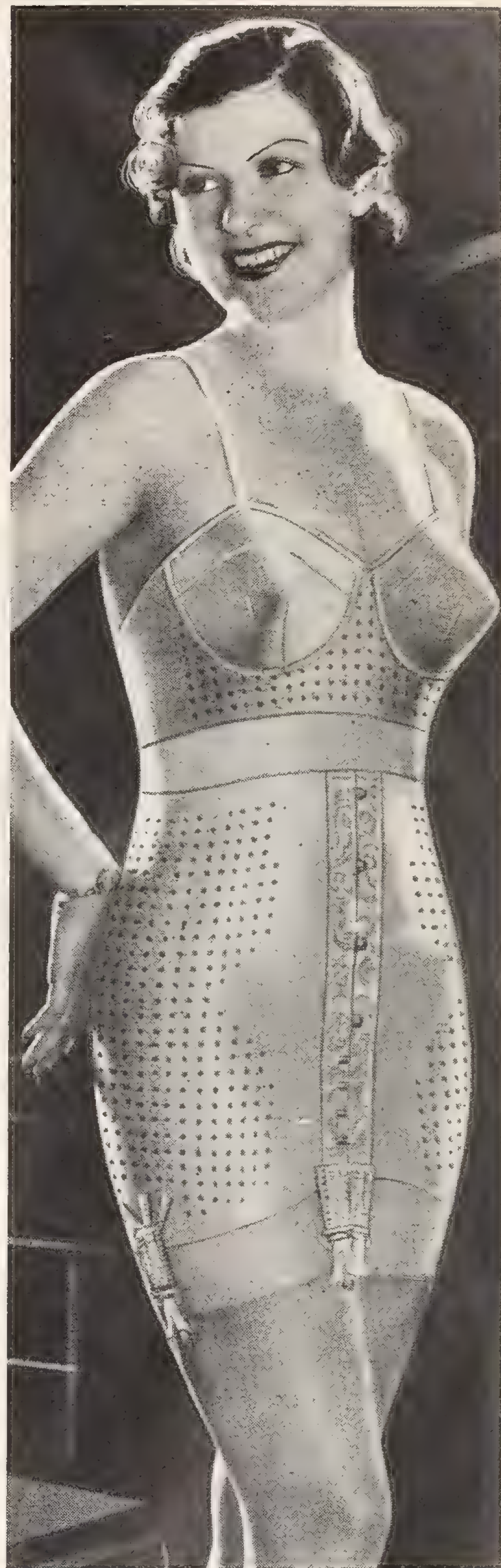
● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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So get yourself a Camay Complexion! It will earn for you favor and praise. And then you'll thank heaven for a soap like Camay which imparts to the feminine skin a lovely peach-bloom texture.

"The Soap of Beautiful Women is an excellent name for Camay," wrote a girl from Washington, D. C. "Every girl I know who uses Camay has a lovely clear complexion."

Beauty Contest!

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Camay is the modern beauty soap—pure creamy-white and lavish of lather. Wrapped in green and yellow, fresh in Cellophane. Use it on your face and hands, and in your bath!

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CAMAY

the Soap of Beautiful Women

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Katharine Hepburn



As Eve in
"Morning Glory"

DEAR Katharine Hepburn:
Behave!
You're in for it now and you might just as well be a good sport. Don't you dare cheapen the star of "Morning Glory" by any more silly kid stuff like the news picture on this page.

You're new. You're over. Why try to steal another star's act? The Garbo pose is outmoded, anyway. It never was modern. And you're modern as tomorrow. You're American, crisp, decisive, direct. You're our Pioneer Woman of the Screen, whether you like it or not. Realize you're the first movie idol who's also thoroughly American? Remember Pickford? Canadian. Valentino? Italian. Chaplin? English. Garbo? Swedish. Dietrich? German. So you see, you have a responsibility of a sort. And it isn't American to put your hand in front of your face when the cameras are aiming at you. Not at all. The only Americans who do that are public enemies. Our public idols, on the other hand, including our Presidents, put up with it. Mellon and Morgan stand for it, with or without midgets. It may be a bore, but it's part of their business and they know it and they do it. Suppose you see if *you* can grin and bear it.

I suppose you're already tired of all the fuss of being followed and photographed. I know that when your eager fans thronged to your New York radio broadcast and sat thrilled and expectant for you to take a bow, they were disappointed. I know you can't be bothered



Wide World



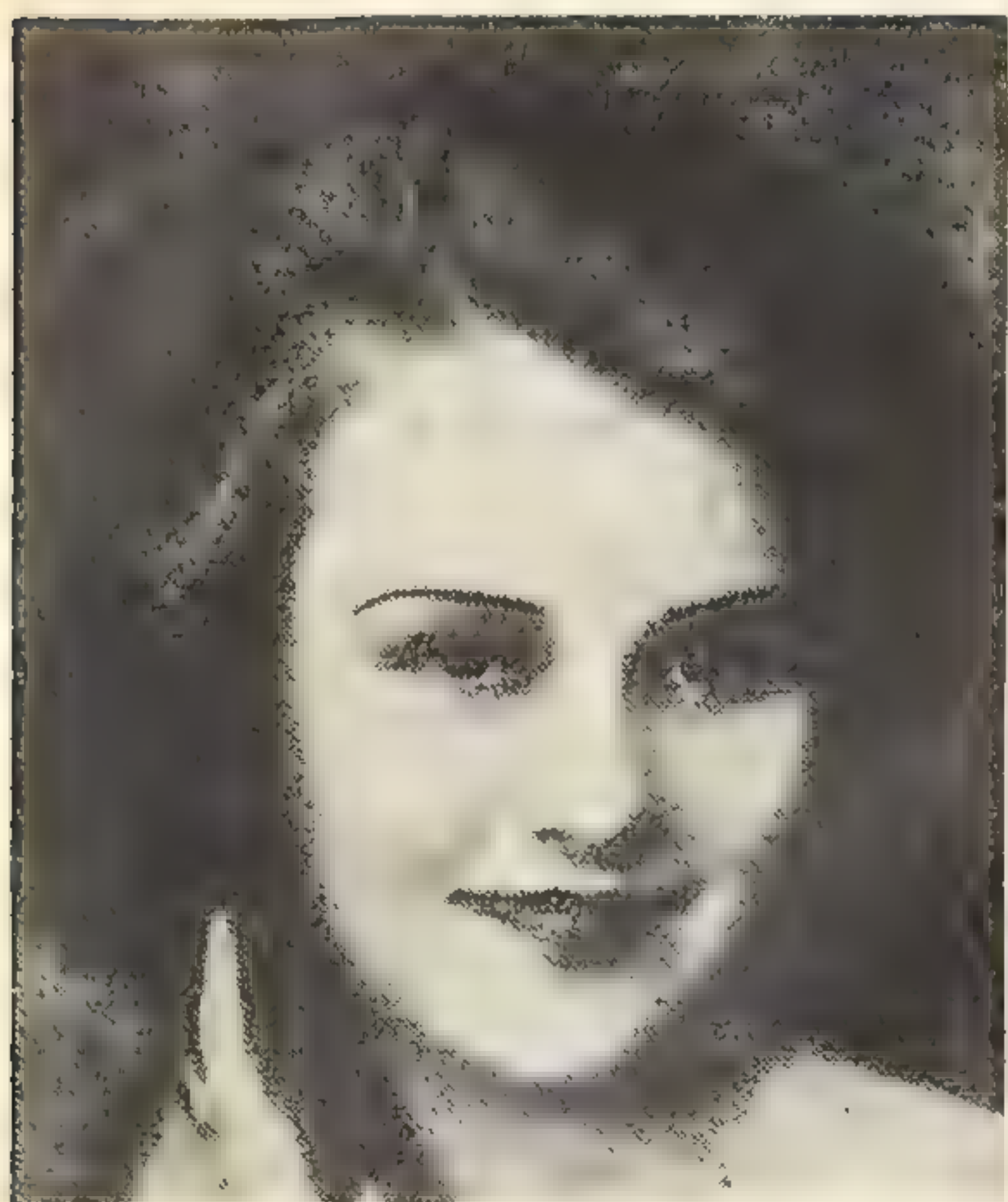
As Jo in
"Little Women"

much with press and photographic appointments. And now, when the camera boys surround you because you're a big name and they have a living to make, you cover the famous features with a disdainful gloved hand and let them make the most of it.

Oh, now! Can't you be human? Can't you be real? Must the "regular" Katharine Hepburn from Hartford, Connecticut, become merely a bored celebrity? For one thing, it's too early in the game to be like that. You've made a sensational screen success, second only to Garbo's. But you've also had some great breaks. RKO, with wonderful wisdom, about-faced on your films after your second, "Christopher Strong," with the splendidly appealing "Morning Glory" and now the great Jo rôle in the beloved "Little Women." I hope RKO will always be that wise. But it's the test of time and good pictures that makes a really great star. The Hepburn-conscious public must be won not only once, but over and over again. Hepburn, the actress, can do it. I believe she's potentially great. But it's Hepburn the girl who must pass the critical muster of the personality-mad public—if she is to keep her place among the movie great.

That's why I say—Katharine Hepburn, face the cameras!

Delight Swan



Very young!



Just aware!



First make-up!



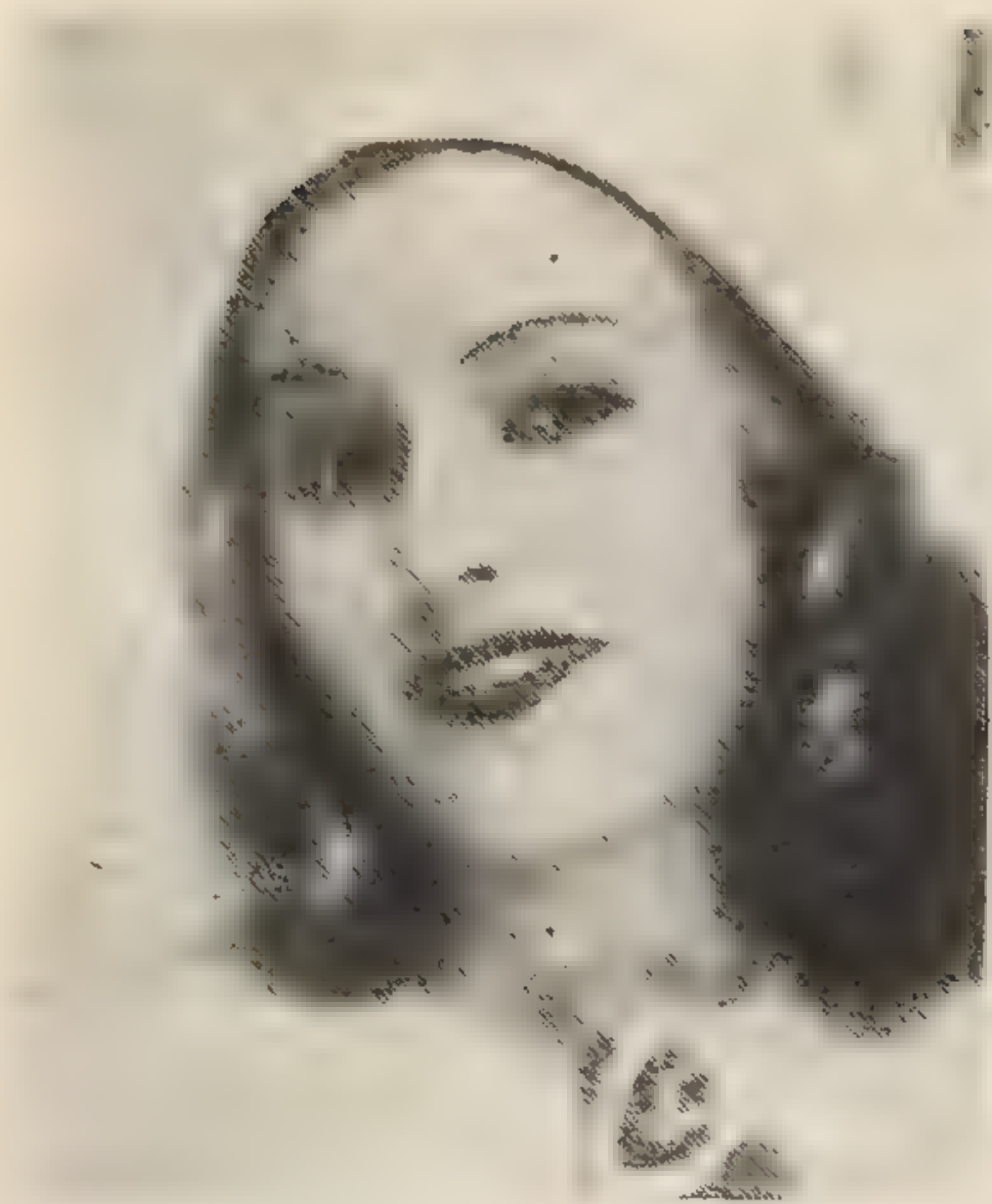
The actress!

Lillian's Life Story

*As told to
James M. Fidler*

Tiny, golden-haired, blue-eyed, this girl has captivated the Continent and conquered Hollywood. Her life story is as colorful as you have hoped!





Cinema sensation!



"Congress Dances"



Arrival in America



Hollywood, today!

LILIE-E-E! Where are you, Lilie?"

In the late afternoon of a sultry summer day, the year 1914 A. D., an anxious mother in Hornsey Borough, London, England, paged her missing five-year-old daughter.

The mother was Mrs. Walter Harvey. The child was Lilian Harvey. Today she is one of Europe's foremost contributions to America's screen. Then she was London's tiniest and most active tomboy.

No fence in her neighborhood had she failed to walk. The highest tree-tops were her daily perches; she knew just how many eggs were in every bird-nest for miles around.

Running, racing, following-the-leader, even fighting—she was as wildly free as the wind, as active and swift and strong as any of the boys whose company she distinctly preferred to the companionship of girls. And contrary to the usual boyish disregard for girls, she was a welcome member of their gangs.

In answer to Mrs. Harvey's call, Lilian poked a tousled head over the edge of the woodshed roof.

"Here I am, mom!" she reported.

Mother Harvey stared aloft. "Come right down from there," she ordered. "Do you want to fall and break your neck?"

But Lilian never fell. She usually exhibited more skill and daring than her small masculine companions. She climbed higher, swam further, and in general proved herself in many ways more athletic than her playmates.

Perhaps it

First and exclusive account of the life and career of La Belle Harvey!



Lilian Harvey's first Hollywood picture, "My Weakness," with Lew Ayres, established her as an American screen success.

LILIAN HARVEY

Birthday: January 19th.

Height: Five feet, one inch.

Weight: 95 pounds.

Eyes: Blue; long lashes.

Hair: Golden-brown; long bob.

Skin: Fair; soft.

Figure: Ummmm!

Plays golf, tennis; swims, rides horseback, ice skates, dances; adores fast motoring.

Wears size 12 clothes; size 3½ shoes; size 5½ gloves.

Favorite color: Blue

Favorite food: Chocolate

training that in later years enabled Lilian Harvey, diminutive screen star, to amaze directors by easily mastering such difficult feats as walking a tight rope, diving from a hundred-foot scaffold, and riding a runaway horse without the aid of even a rope-halter.

The girl "Lilie" had no dream that one day she would be hailed as Lilian Harvey, world-famous cinema actress. In fact, as a child she was not at all interested in play-acting. When neighborhood children, (mostly girls, as is usual), staged their cellar or attic amateur theatricals, Lilian was conspicuously among those who sat in the audience, a privilege gained by the payment of two pins at the door, and who scoffed at the antics of the youthful Bernhards and Barrymores.

She had one brother and one sister, and even at home her preference for boys crept out; Walter, her brother, was her family favorite.

"We were like brother and brother, rather than sister and brother," Walter turns back the pages of time to recall. "We used to scramble and wrestle together. I was never a strong child, and Lilian often bested me in our wrestling matches, after which she would sit astride my prone body and taunt me until we fought again."

Through later years, this companionship between sister and brother prospered. He tells of another incident that took place when Lilian first learned to ride a horse:

"I was with her," Walter relates, "when she decided to take up jumping on horse-



La Belle Harvey was an idol of the English and Continental public before she ever set foot in America. Here's a typical scene of a Harvey arrival in London—crowds, flowers, cameras!



A view of the villa owned by Lilian Harvey at Cap d'Antibes, France. Miss Harvey's mother is living here while Lilian is working in Hollywood.

back. The very first jump was perfect, but the second time her horse stopped short and she had a nasty fall. It shook her, and most people would have been satisfied to call it a day.

"But Lilian, jumping to her feet and not even troubling to brush herself, mounted



The tiniest of these three children standing in front of a house in the London suburbs is a little girl who was to become one of the great screen favorites of the world.

the horse again and galloped for a third jump. She went over gracefully and surely."

To return to the little girl of 1914, and her thoughts of the world at that time:

"The last person in the world to dream of becoming a motion picture actress was I," Lilian confesses. "In 1914, small girls with straight hair, skinny legs, and thin little bodies never thought of the movies as they do now. Why, it was only on rare occasions that I was even privileged to attend a theatre.

"In fact, there is an age limit in Europe for those who would attend the cinema. I remember that I occasionally dressed in my mother's clothes, when she was away, and thus gained entrance to see the moving pictures.

"The height of my dreams was to climb the highest tree, and perch there, imagining myself atop the world. I could gaze from that tree over the walls and into the courts of Alexandra Palace, which was my dream world of Princes and Princesses."

It was in July of 1914 that (Continued on page 72)

Left, Lilian as she looked when she first learned to dance. It was as a dancer that La Belle Harvey began her career. She is still a favorite in Europe.

Romance! Miss Harvey's leading man in many of her most popular Ufa pictures was Willi Fritsch. He is young, handsome, and an excellent actor. Will he join Lilian in Hollywood?





Acme

THERE is no need to say that I was not surprised by the marriage of my friend, Jean Harlow, to Harold Rosson, her cameraman.

Everybody was surprised. *Jean herself was surprised!* And I believe the bridegroom, after several months, still wonders how his good luck came about.

Immediately following her return from Yuma, Arizona, where she became the wife of Rosson, Jean said to me: "When I went on location to Arizona, I had no idea the journey would end with my marriage."

"Oh, we've been in love. *You* know that. We've even talked of marriage. Our talks were never definite, though; we merely murmured about a hazy *sometime*."

"Then we went to the desert. We went there on location for 'Bombshell.' Heretofore I've always pictured the desert as a vast, uninteresting stretch of sand, hot and dusty and uncomfortable. Now I realize that the desert I have known is the *daytime prairie*. The night desert is amazingly different. The heat and the glare depart. The stars seem so close to the earth that they appear touchable. The sand and the dunes are so enchanting."



These two pictures on this page, — the happy bride, Jean — with her adoring new husband, Harold Rosson. He her pet cameraman, too.

Jean Harlow's 3rd. Marriage

Read all about the
Platinum Blonde's
new romance!

By
James Marion

"The desert at night is the essence of romance. Now I can understand and appreciate the romantic spirit of such pictures as 'The Sheik' and 'The Barbarian,' for I know that romance thrives in the desert nights."

"It all seems strange to me, now that I look back over the days of our courtship. Most romances begin in romantic surroundings. My friendship with Mr. Rosson commenced on a golf course. Our friendship turned into love on the links. Then we decided to marry while we were on location in the desert."

What type of man has Jean married? That question is uppermost in the minds of her millions of admirers.

My briefest description of him is: *Regular.* (Continued on page 87)

Why You Love

New reasons for bowing to Queen Marie! Here are some never-before-told anecdotes of the life and career of the "Happy Warrior"

By
Hal Howe

The royal gesture! Marie as the grand old actress of "Dinner at Eight" commands your allegiance anew.

FIRST Lady of Vaudeville—

First Lady of Comic Opera—

First Lady of Movie-Land!

Since Grover Cleveland, Marie Dressler has known every President of these United States and has been an honored guest at the White House, during practically every administration.

To Marie Dressler, former President Harding once said:

"I have seen you in everything you ever did. The world is better for your having lived."

And that sentiment goes for all of us!

The indomitable Teddy Roosevelt requested that she be brought to the White House and presented to him. There were several other people awaiting when she arrived. A moment later he entered. He passed from person to person with his famous, "De-lighted, de-lighted."

In Marie's own words: "Paralyzed with interest, I kept my eyes on the strong neck that was being inclined here and there at different points of the room."

He came before her. "Well, Miss Dressler," he

smiled, "at last we meet. What do you think of me?"

"I think you have the most wonderful neck I ever saw," she answered, giving her marvelous chuckle. Teddy laughed heartily.

"That beats any answer I've ever had," he admitted, and from then on Marie was a beloved and frequent visitor.

Marie does not recall her first meetings with Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, but her first meeting with Taft is sharply etched in her mind.

"I have," Marie said, "the most comfortable feeling when you are in that chair. Everything seems so calm and sweet."

"I don't know how to take



Marie Dressler!



Marie, who made Hollywood admit, "Youth must be served—last!"



Three of the favorite stage comedians of an older generation of theatre-goers: Joe Weber, Marie Dressler, and Lew Fields. And now Marie is winning the younger generation of movie-goers, and Weber and Fields are radio stars.



La Dressler in 1921. This story tells you some of her wonderful experiences.

that," he chuckled.

In commenting on this interview she says:

"It was as though he enjoyed a thing to the full and finally pitied his hearer and lets him in on it too. At any rate, that submerged laugh always filled me with thrills and a feeling of bubbling mirth."

And then she goes on to say with that great sense of humor and love of fun which is hers:

"There was always a bond of sympathy between Taft and myself on account of our great size. And I always respected his bravery, for, fearing not the censorship of the world, he used to buy two seats for himself when he was attending an entertainment where he wished to be comfortable. I have often wondered how he felt on the night he reached a theatre and found his two seats divided by an aisle!"

Of all the Presidents, she most loved Harding.

"There was a graciousness and sincerity about him which was altogether winning," Marie declares, "When

we first met there was a crowd waiting in the reception room.

"Surely," I said, "you are not going to shake hands with that queue of two hundred out there before lunch?"

"Yes," he returned.

"None of them want anything. They just want to shake hands."

Marie Dressler gives a plea for our Presidents after knowing them as dear friends for twenty-five years, which is both poignant with feeling and forceful in expression. In our opinion it should go down in history with all immortal sayings. It is this:

"To me the great wonder is that any President ever gets out of office with a shred of reputation left, for the higher the position the more eager the mob is to destroy it. A man will start a little store, go without meals, deny himself pleasures, work early and late to build up his business, and when, through actual self-denial and toil, he achieves success, he is envied by his employees and neighbors as being *lucky* and they are eager to defame him in any possible way.

"Politician, professional, artist—it is all the same, for no matter how conscientiously they may try, as soon as they are known and liked, there is always the blackmailing type which sets to work to smirch any reputation which may have been honestly and laboriously acquired. Any bum can start a false report, but what I have never been able to understand is the avidity with which the populace in general eagerly believes any malicious tale that is spread."

Marie has well proven her patriotism and love of country. She sold a home for which she had worked for years to pay her expenses to tour the country selling Liberty Bonds during the late world war.

She made one hundred and forty-nine speeches in twenty- (Continued on page 67)



Echoes of the past on Old Broadway. A scene from "Higgledy-Piggledy"—the tall girl in black spangles is Marie Dressler. The vision in white, the late Anna Held. Identify Weber and Fields?

Reunion on Long Island

So the movies have gone safe, sane, and business-like, have they? Ah, but you should see the dizzy divine madness of the good old days running rampant now at the re-opened Paramount Eastern Studio. Read this gay story and be convinced!

By Leonard Hall

The dizzy old days of happy Hollywood are here again, chants our Leonard Hall. What fun, what fun, cries the mad old wag, as he capers about the environs of Paramount's Long Island studio. Right, a street scene in the process of filming right outside the studio building—the same studio where Gloria Swanson worked for \$10,000 a week in her "Zaza" days, remember?



Four of the mad, merry players of "Take a Chance," the musical movie filmed in the East. Jimmy Dunn, June Knight, Cliff Edwards, and Lillian Roth.



Buddy Rogers first looked into a movie camera at the Long Island City studio, eight years ago, when he graduated from the first and only class of Paramount Pictures school. Buddy came back to that studio to play in "Take a Chance." Right, a scene with June Knight. Romantic?



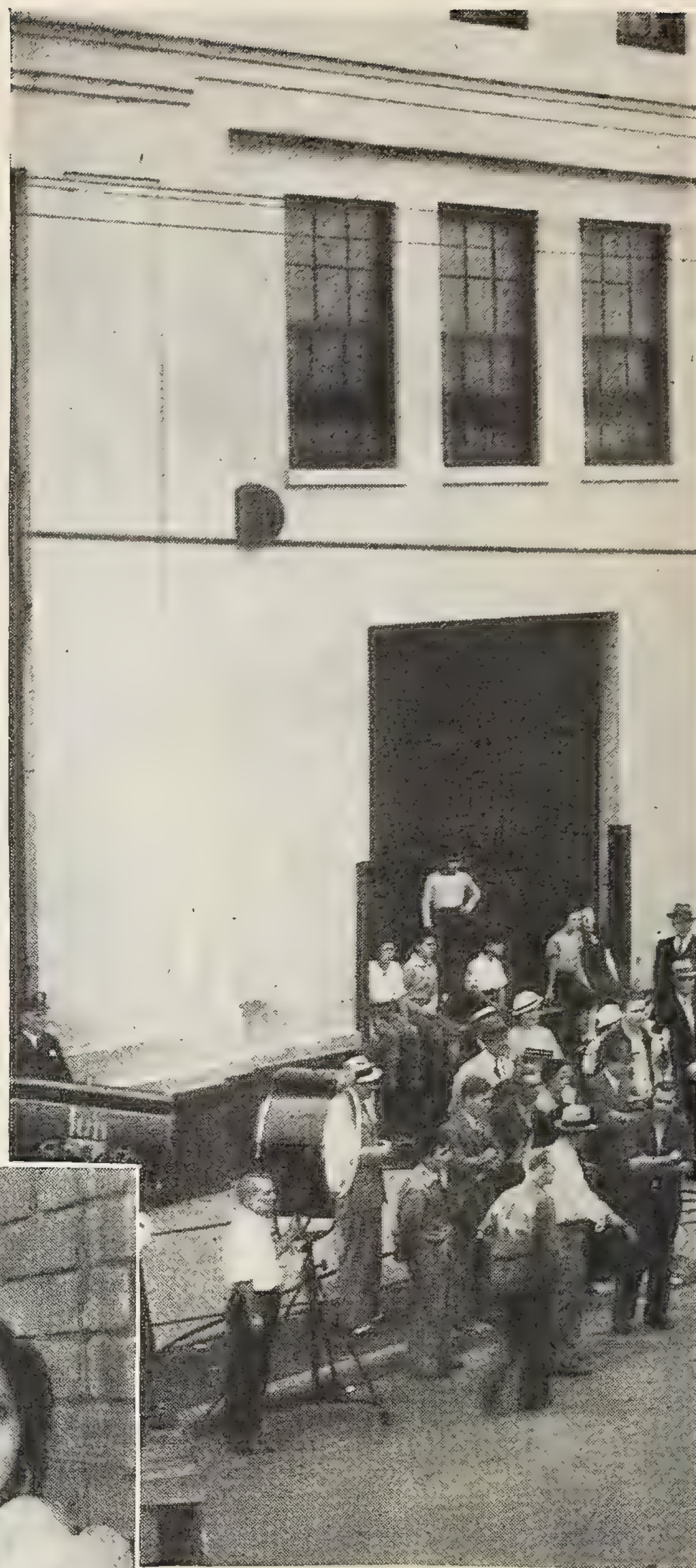
Beautiful Lillian Bond, veddy, veddy British and alluring, is also a member of the cast. Here she is with Buddy. Lucky Mr. Rogers!

SINCE the year 1929 I have complained bitterly—and often cried myself to sleep, too—because the once wonderful and nutty movies had gone completely sane and businesslike.

Where, I shrieked to Nursie, is the superb insanity, the colossal cuckooness, that once made Hollywood the most gloriously goofy spot on God's dithering footstool? But Nursie never answered.

Up to 1929, you remember, anything went in Movietown. The streets were paved with gold, and manicure girls and ribbon clerks plucked hundred-dollar notes from the magnolia trees in the hills above the town. Any actor getting less than \$10,000 a week was cut dead on the street, and any star worthy of the name bought two Rolls-Royces and ran between them.

Four years ago, when the Market and Jolly Insanity crashed, the bankers and efficiency men looked over the movies—lock, stock, barrel, ill-will and fixtures. Hollywood went suddenly sane, and those who didn't like it could duck three times in the Pacific, and come up twice. The financiers spanked the naughty little actors. They





Imagine Jimmy Dunn in a frankly comic rôle! He has a grand part and makes the most of it. Can this beauty with him be Lona Andre? She can; she is!

Fixed Budgets. They Cut Costs. Why, they even demanded change from thousand dollar bills—those bits of dingy paper the stars used to give their kiddies to play with! And Hollywood became duller, stupider, and more moral than Coon Hollow on a quiet Sunday.

But there's still Balm in good old Gilead! I blubber no longer. I howl with glee—I give the Rebel Yell and the Texas Ranger hoot! Today, for taxi-fare amounting to some eighty-five cents, I can get my homesick carcass to a movie studio that, at the moment of going to press, is as dippy, daffy, and deliriously delightful as the unholy Hollywood of '29, when the new-fangled talkies had driven the whole film world loony, and veteran stars were learning to speak English.

Hear me, you who loved the movies in their dizzier days!

Over on the Long Island flats, where the geese go barefoot and the cops walk four abreast, just over the river from Manhattan's Heaven-piercing towers, the famous old Eastern Studio of Paramount has come to life again!

It had slept in the shadows for nearly two years, that



Just one more flash from this dizzy film. Jimmy Dunn, again, with Lillian Roth this time. No wonder that old studio came back to life!

hallowed spot—dreaming of the days when Gloria Swanson was its crowned queen at \$10,000 cash, American money, every Saturday night.

It was there that the great stars of now made their first talkie bows—Walter Huston and Kay Francis and Claudette (Continued on page 89)



"Dollar

The "inside story" of the million-dollar writers of Hollywood—who are as important, as colorful, as expensive as your favorite stars



Vina Delmar of "Bad Girl" fame is tiny, brittle, bright. Here she is discussing one of her scripts with Bill Seiter and Marian Nixon.



Anita Loos won fame and fortune with her silent screen scripts and her "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She writes for M-G-M now.

Left, Achmed Abdullah, who is adapting "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount. Speaks fourteen languages, including movie.



THE Broadway producer was tearing his hair. He needed a playwright before six P. M. that night.

"Where's John Colton?" he bellowed.

"In Hollywood," said his ash-blonde secretary.

"Get Charlie MacArthur."

"He's in Hollywood."

"How about Marc Connelly?"

"Mr. Connelly is in Hollywood."

The Broadway producer drew out his diamond cigarette lighter, touched off the script, and buzzed for his private elevator to the roof in order to jump off.

On a certain Monday last month, three of the biggest publishers were at luncheon. They were discussing books.

"My favorite has always been 'The Golden Dancer.' By the way, what's become of Cyril Hume?"

"He's in Hollywood."

"Gene Fowler?"

"Hollywood."

"Sam Ornitz?"

"Hollywood."

If the publishers were not careful, Hollywood would reach out and capture Pearl Buck, who wrote "The Good Earth." Louis Bromfield. Leane Zugsmith. Robert Nathan. Willa Cather. They drank their coffee black. Moodily.

And down in the haunts of Greenwich Village, the air of bohemia was thin.

"What's happened to Samuel Hoffenstein, the poet?" asked one tea-room of another.

"Hoffenstein has gone Hollywood."

"Johnny Weaver?"

"Ditto."

They began tolling off the poets who had moved from Washington Square and Sheridan Square, out of attic and out of basement. Shaven, manicured and pedicured, they were living in hillside grandeur in homes overhanging Hollywood with a view from every window, including the one over the kitchen sink.



Charles "Helen Hayes" MacArthur.



Sonya "Cavalcade" Levien.

a Word!"

By Beth Brown

A "Dollar a word" writer herself!

Dozens of pens of importance had traded sonnet-writing for steam-heat, passion for potatoes. The poets were thumbing their noses at a past that had paid their poetry twenty-five cents a line—when it had paid at all.

Their brothers, the short story tellers, were just as tired of starving at the pulp-paper rate of a penny a word. Even the national magazines waving ten cents a word under the balconies of best-seller names, could not compete with the movies.

Hollywood was paying a dollar a word—and paying it every single Saturday.

Nowhere in the writing game was pay any better—unless you were technical on the subject and looked up the union scale of those scribes who chisel "Rest in Peace" and "Here Lies Dad" on marble.

And, believe it or not, only the other day, down in the Social Club of the United Morticians, the Boys were mourning the absence of a comrade. He had written from the West to say that he was through with graveyards. It was always one cold on top of another. He was now in Hollywood and under contract. He was lettering the screen credits in an art department—and he was happy!

Of course, this does not mean that all the writers in Hollywood are happy. Some of them go out, stay four miserable months, and run away. But they usually come back. Even Ben Hecht, the greatest rebel of them all, came back.

The odd thing about it is that they are living greater stories than they are writing.

Take the life of Achmed Abdullah who served eleven years in the British Army, retiring, dead broke, with the rank of captain (Continued on page 82)

We persuaded Beth Brown to tell something about herself while she was on the subject of eminent authors. Read her amusing "Autobioglet" at the right.



Ainsworth Morgan,
with RKO.

Frances Marion, Exhibit A of the cinema writing world. Her usual price is \$25,000 for an idea that may run less than two thousand words.



Ralph Spence.
His salary is
—whew!

Right, George
Marion, Jr.—
one of the aces.



AUTOBIOGLET

I am five foot nothing, do not look like an author, do not live in an attic, and have a pug nose.

I wanted more than anything else of life to be an author. This, I heard, required a variety of experiences. So I worked as a cigarette girl in a cabaret, joined a carnival show and wrote Ballyhoo, joined a burlesque troupe and wrote Applause, went to ballet school and wrote Wedding Ring, went to New Orleans and wrote For Men Only, went to Hollywood to write for the movies, and came back to New York with a bank roll, twelve yellow pencils, a red type-writer—and a wish to go back once each year.

I live very simply in a studio one flight below the moon. It has a fat balcony that hangs over the river. Most of the boats toot hello as they go by.

I love a certain young Man, red hats, seamy faces, ten-cent stores, public libraries, smart clothes, harmonicas, watermelon, swimming, blue policemen, my red-haired mother, Broadway, joppies, fine etchings, midnight movies, polo, corn-on-the-cob, and six pieces of soap in my soap dish.

Beth Brown



JOAN

Unmasks Hollywood

for

Franchot Tone

By Ben Maddox



Ever since they played together in "Today We Live" you have been clamoring to see Joan and Franchot together again. Your wish will be gratified in "Dancing Lady," from which the scene above is an exciting sample of what you'll see on the screen!



YOUR guess is as good as Hollywood's as to the status of the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone "romance." Their scenes together in "Dancing Lady" are intense and torrid. On the other hand, both deny emphatically any serious off-screen interest. After talking to them both, I can only report that I thought I saw "Maybe" in their eyes.

But whether they fall in love depends on—oh, a lot of things. Joan won't be legally free until next May. She wants to see her way clearly. Which, at that, is a typical Crawford trait. No girl has ever tried so hard to do what is right and been so misjudged as the earnest, radiant Joan.

As for Franchot

That he admire
symbolic of the
the

and many of the
and the
the



A beautiful star proves that Hollywood can be friendly! One of the most refreshing stories you have ever read!

hazard, to be approached with great caution!"

Then, break of breaks, he met Joan Crawford!

Though he had an impressive cultural and stage background, Franchot was untested material to Hollywood. Being seen with Joan immediately focussed attention upon him. If *she* liked him, there must be something swell about the lad.

Had he come into her life at any other time his luck might not have been the same. She would have been too busy. But Joan, at the end of her heart-breaking struggle to preserve her marriage, was tired and a little lonely and discouraged. Franchot, so talented and good-looking, happened along at the psychological moment.

"What Joan has done," he confided to me, "is to *explain* Hollywood. When you understand a thing you can plan your course accordingly and avoid the unnecessary mistakes."

To realize just how he has benefited from his association with her, think back for a minute to his past and his attitude when he arrived at M-G-M.

The son of a wealthy business man, Franchot had no youthful struggles. He was sent to a boys' private school and later to Cornell. At college he was pre-eminent in dramatics and scholarship, being president of the dramatic club and a Phi Bete.

Yet being elected to Phi Beta Kappa for his heavy studying didn't dampen his zest for extracting the utmost from each passing day. He is high-spirited and perhaps that was why he was intrigued by the exhilarating life of the theatre. To his staid parents' astonishment he accepted a job as the juvenile in a Buffalo stock company as soon as he had graduated.

"I made forty a week—while it lasted!" he recounts. "I headed for Broadway and fame when that 'try-out' was over. Only—fame kept at a respectful distance from me. For weeks I pounded the pavements! At last I persuaded a little (Continued on page 70)

Meanwhile, Hollywood lies before him like a world set out expressly for him to conquer. Certainly Joan's interest has helped him both professionally and personally. Three months ago SCREENLAND presented him to you as a brilliant but constrained newcomer. In bringing him up-to-date Joan's influence must be credited for much of his advance.

"When I started West from New York I expected to land in the most fantastic of places," he confesses now. "I thought every actress of importance would conduct herself in the fashion of the movie queens in 'Once in a Lifetime.' I visualized studio contacts as a moral and mental



Director Robert Leonard talks over the scene about to be "shot" with the star and her leading man. This story tells you how Joan has helped Franchot Tone to win screen success. The Crawford-Tone team will delight you in "Dancing Lady."

Lowe *and Behold!* Here's Edmund

Versatile actor tells what
movies have taught him

By

Mortimer Franklin



You roared at him as a comic sergeant; you thrilled to him as a detective, a magician, a clever crook; and now you're admiring his dramatic performance with Jean Harlow in "Dinner at Eight."

He's an Eddie of all trades—and good at each one!



IT WAS something of a problem. "It" meaning, in this case, the proper mode of greeting that popular matinée, evening, and midnight-performance idol of the silver sheet—Mr. Edmund Lowe.

"Hi, Mr. Lowe," I began. But it sounded all wrong—much too ups-and-downsy.

"'Lo, Mr. Lowe," I started afresh. But that sounded screwy, too—lacking in altitude, or something.

Whereupon Eddie resolved the dilemma by stopping my halting lips with a beaker of ginger ale and some of its near relatives, which strategic move enabled him to take command of the interview from that point onward.

"You were going to ask me," he stated, "how I like this business of personal-appearing." We were seated, at that magnetic moment, in his dressing-room at the

Albee Theatre, one of Brooklyn's most puissant picture palaces, where Eddie was soon to go out on the stage for the wind-up of a several weeks' tour.

"Well, I like it fine," he answered him. "I mean, sir, even five performances a day don't ink a dull day when he realizes that he's doing something that's not only revitalizing to the bank account, but is also a real enhancement to his technique as a screen actor. The word was the word," he repeated, looking at me.

"A guy is a sap—I mean a man is extremely unconscious—" he continued, "to keep on year after year making movies without ever checking up on his style. When I say checking up on his style I mean not only on the boards in direct contact with an audience, and finding out what's right and (Continued on page 31)



Left, the huge sculpture room in the M-G-M studio. See the "Mata Hari" idol at the far end of the room?

Vicki Baum, creator of "Grand Hotel," finds Hollywood oh, so fascinating!



More Adventures in Hollywood's "Grand Hotel"

Celebrated author "tells all"
about the inner workings of
the great studios. Exclusive!

By
Vicki Baum

I LIKE to take a stroll through the studio lot, which is a circus and a fairyland, a gigantic factory and a madhouse!

I may come upon a cage of tigers and lions, to be used in some wild-animal or jungle picture. I may be allowed to play with a little monkey or a baby bear, both of whom are supporting their owners. I have heard of a man in Hollywood who lives comfortably on the earnings of a pet goose which has a good screen personality!

As I was taking one of these strolls through the lot not long ago, I suddenly stumbled upon a staircase, bearing the sign: "Visitors Positively Forbidden." It was one of those typical "set" staircases, built of logs and leading apparently nowhere. The "Visitors Positively Forbidden" sign roused my curiosity and sent me climbing promptly up the steps. Reaching the top, I found myself confronted by the wide-open jaws of an alligator, swimming in what the screen world calls a tank—in reality, a small round basin. Since he was made of rubber, I couldn't quite understand why they'd gone to the trouble of perching the tank high up on the first floor, and why visitors had been invited to stay out. But I soon learned. The beast was being moved about by means of strings fastened to various sections of his body and, "Tarzaning" around him, was Johnny Weissmuller in the nude. I got a good eyeful of the spectacle before an official spotted me and ordered me to take myself off—quick! Which I did—not without regret. I've always wondered since then how they made the hippopotamus work!

The spell of the place lies in the fact that it's as full of surprises as a barrel of luck, and you never know when the next one's going to drop into your lap. For

instance, I once came on a dancing pavilion in a fishing village. The pavilion was hung with green festoons, and it didn't take me long to discover that the festoons had been cut from real blueberry bushes and—what was more—that the tiny, delicious berries were still nestled temptingly among the leaves. What a treat in this

dry California where no berries grow! My lunch hours for the rest of that week were brightened by my daily trip to the blueberry patch where, like any bad boy, I nibbled my dessert from the foliage when no one was looking.

Another experience I'll never forget was my first sight of the workmen who were busily engaged in making a tree. You might in your innocence imagine that the simplest way of getting a tree on the lot would be to get a tree. But no. For some mysterious reason which I have never yet been able to fathom, trees on the lot are *made*. I watched in fascination for an hour while they hauled up barrels of varying sizes, broke them apart, nailed the hoops and staves together in the shape desired, and plastered the whole thing with some kind of artificial foliage.

"What are you doing there?" I inquired.

"Making a tree," they told me.

"Why are you making it?" I asked them.

"Because it's needed for this scene," they explained kindly, as to a nitwit.

In return, I tried to explain the reason for my bewilderment, but it wasn't any use. My arguments seemed as senseless to them as theirs did to me. So we let it go at that. I found the tree later—looking very nice indeed—in one of the gardens of the fishing village.

The color and variety, the (Continued on page 85)

Mae West

By
Ben
Maddox



Mae demonstrates! Cary Grant is her leading man again in her second starring picture, "I'm No Angel."

"**N**OW—suppose I wanted to make the king!" Mae West tossed this bombshell at me and then glanced calmly out the window of her shiny black limousine at the streets of Hollywood whizzing by.

I gasped. She didn't specify what king, but the very idea almost swamped me. She had taken to disclose her love system. Of course, she has one.

"It *would* take a bit of maneuvering," she eluded me, then she turned towards me and flashed her million volt smile. "It's sort of similar to a stenographer aiming a Chevalier. He may seem a long way off, in a ditch's circle. *But*—he could be had!"

Will nothing daunt amazing Mae West?

The answer is No! The king—Chevalier—by now I wasn't sure which could be lured. All I realized definitely was that Mae's dictum is: heaven rewards a working girl.



Mae West exerts her influence on the twelve good girls in the feature story on these two pages La West tells ten rules for captivating

tells how to "Get Your Man"

who concentrates on beating the love racket. When she declares men were created to be captivated she isn't thinking of scenario frame-ups, either. Mae has her mind on everyday life problems, where you have to scheme for your results.

Hark to the curv'd lady's tested and true *Ten Get-Your-Man Commandments*:

1. *Be Available*—contrive so he's aware of your presence.

2. *Be Self-Sufficient*—let him know you're hot, but let him start the blaze himself.

3. *Be Beautiful*—because temptation at first sight saves a heck of a lot of time.

4. *Be Elemental*—don't give 'em English accents when they crave a gal who don't pretend.

5. *Be Entertaining*—the fastest way to register is to feed a man's vanity, not his stomach.

6. *Be Feminine*—in ways and dress and that allows you a thousand and one tricks.

7. *Be Sophisticated*—a woman who can add two and two seldom has unhappy days and lonely nights.

8. *Be Popular*—ten dates on the string are worth more than one on a davenport, and besides the reserves spur on the most ardent.

9. *Be Changeable*—and you're sure never to be handed that "a book's no good when once I have read it" line.

10. *Be Selfish*—so you won't be sorry.

If anyone has the ringside on the romance racket, it should be Mae. Other authorities pale, seem rank amateurs in comparison. Perhaps it is because she has refused to accept the conventional axioms that she has become the symbol of the modern siren.

My rendezvous with Mae occurred when "I'm No Angel" was shooting a few scenes without its star. Resplendent in a nifty afternoon ensemble, she rolled up to the Paramount studio (*Continued on page 78*)

Whew! Don't miss this! Mae gives her tested and true rules of the "Get Your Man" game. It's West at her best!



"Lady Lou" steps out! Miss West has sponsored a whole new fashion idea with her curves and furs, jewels and general torridity. Apparently Cary Grant approves.

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE

FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y. World-Telegram



JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."
—N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune



RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at \$1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News
"In a class by itself."—N. Y. Times
"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss."—N. Y. American

Every critic, without exception, raved! And you will too!

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"
From the play by John L. Balderston



Claudette Colbert.



Charles Sheldon

And here's our "Dancin' Lady" in a rather Spanish number. Joan hits a new high in sophisticated costumes with this brown taffeta striped with gold. The gown fits snugly—we're telling you!



Sensational chapeau! Joan Crawford sponsors the satin "sailor"— to be worn with formal frocks, my dear! Of course this type of hat should only be worn by girls with poise and sophistication. Speaking of luscious lines, this hat has 'em!

LUSCIOUS LINES!

Portraits of Miss Crawford posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Hurrell, M-G-M.



Close-up of Crawford! Joan's intense and poignant face lends itself to any coiffure. And the flower necklace is a lovely frame for the beauty of the superb Crawford head.

Designed by Adrian! The Adrian-Crawford combination will thrill the feminine members of the screen audience again in "Dancing Lady." Joan is sheathed in satin to her finger-tips—note the long black satin gloves.



Satin for formality, says Adrian. Joan Crawford wears this interesting gown with its highly original neck and sleeve arrangement in the new film. How do you like Joan's new coiffure as shown in the portrait above? Those Victorian bangs give an entirely new expression, don't they?

Here's the art of seductive dress, warmly demonstrated by Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"

Miss Crawford's gowns and hat were designed by Adrian.



Fryer

Daring Daughter!

AN American Girl from Iowa, Margaret Lindsay dared to enter the "all-English" cast of "Cavalcade" by means of a ruse, and remained to give a grand performance which Hollywood claims her for its own!



Longworth

AN example for movie folk! Here's the quiet, unruffled manner in which Ricardo Cortez prefers to spend much of his leisure. Perhaps it's a reaction from his new rôle of "Big Business Man."

Care-free Ricardo!



"Design for laughing!" The three principals in the rollicking comedy, relaxing between scenes on the set, chuckle over a hilarious line by the director-adapter, Ernst Lubitsch. To Lubitsch, who transmuted the play's precarious lines and situations to the milieu of the screen, goes a goodly share of the credit for the gay and entertaining result.

Who said "Three's a Crowd"?

Merry movie trio traces a new "Design for Living," based on Noel Coward's famous stage comedy

*Photographs by Sherman Clark,
exclusive to SCREENLAND*

Three-cornered romance! In the movies' "Design for Living" Miriam Hopkins puts all her peppery ardor and her torrid appeal into the rôle created on the stage by Lynn Fontanne. Gary Cooper follows in the footsteps of the masterful Alfred Lunt, while Freddie March disports himself in the rôle played by Noel Coward, the author.



Eanie, meanie, minie, mo! It's up to Miriam to decide what shall be the way of a maid with two men. She solves the problem by not deciding at all! As George, Gilda, and Tom, three sophisticated moderns, the three co-stars portray Noel Coward's version of love among the artists!





Dyar

Dainty Diplomat!

HEATHER ANGEL is one of Britain's most delightful ambassadors to Hollywood. The same poignant, piquant charm that made you and Leslie Howard love her in "Berkeley Square" is present here in abundance.



Carl Dial

IT'S been an eventful year for Lew Ayres, with its ups and its downs, its acting triumphs and romantic tangles. Anyway, Lew has a grand rôle with Loretta Young and Harvey, as the leading man in "My Weakness."

Laugh, Lew, Laugh!



Ray Jones

The Gracious Gaynor!

WE might have called this lovely portrait "The Soul of Janet Gaynor," so typically Gaynoresque are her gentle smile, her shy gaze, her wistful air. Janet will appear soon in The House of Connelly.



Welbourne

JOAN BLONDELL, whose gay screen comedy constitutes a National Recovery movement in itself, takes a bow with her Persian pal, "Washy," who looks as if he's trying to register menace or something!

The Blithe Blondell!



The Ballad of **Shanghai Lil**

Yo-heave-ho! She couldn't say no! Here's an epic of man and made from the musical movie, "Footlight Parade"!

Posed by James Cagney and Renee Whitney, exclusively for SCREENLAND





The fleet is in, and the gobs are out,
Patrolling of the City.
Behold Jim Cagney, U. S. N.,
The hero of our ditty!

Ahoy! Avast! Likewise belay!
Adventure heaves in view—
The pride of all the waterfront.
(She's *Shanghai Lil* to you.)

"Let's weigh our anchors," cries the tar,
His nautical knowledge showing.
"I don't know where we're bound for, but
You've surely got me going!"

Ashes to ashes, as the maid
Accepts a smoke with gratitude.
Our hero strikes a light, the while
Fair *Lily* strikes an attitude.

"Come let me be your gob of love,"
He pleads—nor speaks of tennis.
And yet she holds aloof, though James
Turns on the weighty menace.

He grasps the problem in a trice,
With actions suave and gentle.
"I'll make her love me yet, e'en though
My charms are mostly mental!"

At last she drops the manner prim
That ladies grave and glum wear,
And acts like Nature's own sweet child.
(She's read about it somewhere!)

The day is won! Now *Shanghai Lil*
Her heavy guns unlimbers.
She treats him to a fishing smack,
A-shivering his timbers.

"And thus we leave the lovely lass
Athwart the sporty seaman;
Trusting our hero to behave.
(Like Cagney, well-known he-man!)





Languorous Lady!

YOU'VE seen Patricia Ellis (though not quite so clearly, perhaps) as an increasingly persuasive picture charmer in a succession of rôles. Now watch for her best performance yet, in "The World Changes."

An informal encounter
with the amazing Pickford,
who is younger than Jackie
Cooper, busier than the
Marx Brothers, and spright-
lier than any Baby-Star!

By
Alfred Hughes

*Mary Pickford as she looks now
after she has ruled the American
screen for twenty-four years!
She's been everywhere, seen
everything, had nearly all the
wide world can give. Rich as a
sultana, still pretty and zestful,
unbelievably ardent for her life's
labors. Remarkable!*

Miracle Mary!

I SHOOK this old bag of bones together, seized my crutches, and tottered into a great New York hotel, the other day, to see a sweet little old lady who had ruled the American screen for twenty-four years.

For nearly a quarter of a century this dear little soul has warmed the hearts of thousands of her countrymen—known triumph and defeat, the birth and death of romance, the loss of loved ones. A quarter of a century of all the storm and sunshine that go to make up this utterly ridiculous life. Now it was meet and proper for me, as one who has loved her these many years, to pay my respects to the dowager queen.

"I'll tell her how marvelous she was in 'Lena and the Geese' in 1909," I thought, as I was helped out of the elevator and led toward her suite by a kindly bell-hop.

I was admitted by a secretary, with a maid or two bustling in the background. In the drawing room, overlooking the greenery of Central Park, three haughty shop-ladies and a small boy were packing and unpacking heaps of shining liposy. From the bedroom came sounds of a raging legal conference. Several telephone bells played "Stormy Weather" off-key. It all reminded me of The Christmas Rust.

I sat with my glauv foot resting on a hassock, looking at the poor old a

a golden head, a slim figure, and the prettiest, daintiest pair of feet and legs I've seen since '94.

She was wearing a tight-fitting frock with gay plaid doo-hickies on the shoulders. Her blue eyes were smiling, her cheeks were plumpish and pinkish, and I was wishing to heck that my eldest grandson could find a girl like this somewhere in the Younger Drinking Set.

"Lord, child," I quavered. "You're the livin' image of Mary Pickford. I didn't know our Mary had a little girl like you!"

"Now you stop, Grandpa," said the little lady. "I'm Mary Pickford, and you know it!"

THAT Mary Pickford? I seemed to sort of faint dead away for a spell!

But enough, and too much, of this idle buffoonery! Let's frankly face and take apart the case of the astounding Mary Pickford—"forty if she's a day!" as the ladies of my sewing circle put it.

Years make Time, but they certainly don't make Mary prove it, up to the hilt. More than ninety-nine percent who display their driving over cliffs in

What has kept her
What's the explanation
It isn't a new on

The Return of

By
Leonard Hall

I WALKED into a motion picture studio the other day, and saw a ghost!

This was no terrifying spook. In fact, it was by far the prettiest ghost I've ever seen—even in a studio, where the ghosts are slim and swell. It was a lady spook, and she stood in the prisoner's dock in an English law court, movie style, with a camera aimed straight at her, and a microphone catching every whisper.

It happened that I knew this beauteous ha'nt. The prisoner at the bar was no one at all but Lillian Gish, Lil of the wide blue eyes and the sunlit hair, facing a film camera for the first time in four long years.

How Time, to coin a phrase, flies! No doubt the younger members of the class have never even seen this glorious star of the silent movies' greatest days—the gentle pride of the quiet films—greatest pupil of D. W. Griffith. But every flicker devotee whose memory reaches back ten years remembers with abiding joy the placid beauty and the tender power of this amazing girl, whose life story is really the tale of the growth of the motion picture from a horse race in celluloid to a work of art.

And here she was again—making her second talking picture in all this time! Her very presence on a movie set brought rushing back bright memories of the films' fruitier days.

To you Gishites I would say that, for Lillian, Time has stood stock still in his tracks. She is as slim and straight and girlish as ever. Her hair is a little darker—her face is as sweetly grave—her eyes as wide and as amazingly blue. As one of the boys of the Old



Exclusive photograph by Nell Koons

The latest portrait of Lillian Gish, an intimate study by the interesting new camera artist, Nell Koons. It is Gish as she is now, with stage triumphs to her credit and a new future in the films ahead of her.

After four years, the famous actress faces the cameras again for Hopkins' *The Great Adventure* as she



Arthur Hopkins, great producer of the legitimate theatre, makes his first motion picture, "The Great Adventure," starring Lillian Gish with Roland Young. That's Mr. Hopkins on the left, with William DeMille, the director, at right

She Isn't Like That at All!

One of the foremost beauties of the screen, Kay Francis is at her loveliest in quaint, old-fashioned clothes such as these. But outside the studio—well, read the story and you'll find a charming Kay whose existence you never suspected!



Aloof? Exotic? Not Kay Francis! This revealing story tells you what captivating Kay is really like

By
Carlisle Jones

KIPLING could learn about women from Kay Francis, too. She is the contrariest lady in pictures. And one of the most interesting.

The Kay Francis this interviewer had in mind when he ventured on to the set doesn't exist at all. She isn't like that. She isn't like anything anybody might think she would be like.

In the first place one would suspect that Miss Francis had been born in Paris, or St. Moritz, or Richmond, Virginia. But she wasn't. She was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—"by mistake" she says.

And fate should have given her a surname like Duse or Barrymore or Chatterton. But instead she was christened, properly and legally, of course, Catherine Gibbs. So she had to take her second husband's name of Francis and abbreviate Katherine to Kay to manufacture a satisfactory stage and screen name.

Miss Francis ought to ride around Hollywood swathed in mystery and half buried in the soft cushions of an aristocratic Town Car. Instead she owns a Ford—and drives it herself.

She should, this interviewer thought, enjoy languorous hours in a canopied satin-covered bed. But it seems she would rather camp out—and sleep on a cot under mosquito netting.

She is the kind of a lady who should—and probably does—squander (Continued on page 90)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

**I Loved A
Woman
Warners**



Here is a new exhibit of celluloid Americana which takes its place as a more highly civilized companion-piece to Edward G. Robinson's "Silver Dollar." Succeeding the rough-and-ready miner of the earlier piece is Robinson's fine portrait of the aesthetic son of a Chicago meat-packer who succeeds to his father's business most unwillingly. He marries a rival meat-packer's daughter, in the charming person of Genevieve Tobin; but real glamor enters his life when he meets a beautiful, embryonic opera star, played by Kay Francis. The story leads us from the early days of Chicago, through the Spanish-American War, to the reign of the Rough Rider, Teddy Roosevelt, to the White House. Mr. Robinson's portrayal is a masterful one; he is impressive as the art-loving young man who becomes a millionaire. Kay Francis is strikingly lovely as the opera singer. You'll enjoy *Home on the Range* as she sings it. Genevieve Tobin is a revelation as the frivolous wife who waits patiently for her moment of revenge. "I Loved A Woman" is worth your time and trouble; it's far from the usual film.

**Too Much
Harmony
Paramount**



There can't be too much harmony when it's Bing Crosby singing, and Paramount producing. As I've said before, and often, it takes Paramount to produce these kidding musicals. This company somehow knows the secret of making sparkling soundies that are light and gay and intimate, and this is one of the best. You'll like the lively way in which it "reveals" the very private lives of Broadway crooners and sirens. Our Bing surpasses himself as a Broadway headliner who falls in love with Judith Allen, in spite of Jack Oakie, who loves her, too. Then there's Lilyan Tashman, who was Bing's big moment until Judith appeared—the complications are comic, especially when the inimitable Mr. Oakie is on the screen. You'll be glad to see Mrs. Evelyn Oakie, Jack's mother, in her screen debut, playing, oddly enough, Jack's mother. She's a grand old lady. Good numbers—you'll enjoy *Bucking the Wind*—not only tunes, but girls, Grace Bradley, Kitty Kelly, and others. Just want to remind you gently that we picked Bing Crosby as a potential star when he was a crooning short subject. Just look at Bing now—and listen.

REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

**Berkeley
Square
Fox**



It's my pleasant duty, boys and girls, to report that Romance is not dead on the screen! Romance is very much alive, thanks to Mr. Leslie Howard. Thanks, also, to producer Jesse L. Lasky, who had the good taste and the imagination to dare to present "Berkeley Square" in celluloid. Let's flock to see his picture and prove we appreciate art—particularly when Leslie Howard is the artist. Here's a picture that's as satisfying as the stage play. It's romance spiced with wit, this great adventure of the young man who goes back to the eighteenth century to find true love. "Berkeley Square" is first, last, and always a great love story: poetic, haunting, timeless. Leslie Howard's portrayal is his best. Heather Angel as the heroine makes it perfectly plain why Mr. Howard was not content with a brittle beauty of the 20th. century. The cast, including the distinguished Valerie Taylor, the charming Irene Browne, and the very interesting Colin Keith-Johnston from the "legitimate," help make "Berkeley Square" the important photoplay it is. Please do not miss it. I know you will enjoy every scene.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Highlights of the Movie Month:

- Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"
- Frankie Darro in "Wild Boys of the Road"
- Frances Fuller in "One Sunday Afternoon"
- Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey"
- Charles Laughton in "Henry the Eighth"
- Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness"
- Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones"
- Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"
- Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"
- Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman"
- Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
- Warner Baxter in "Penthouse"



My Weakness
Fox



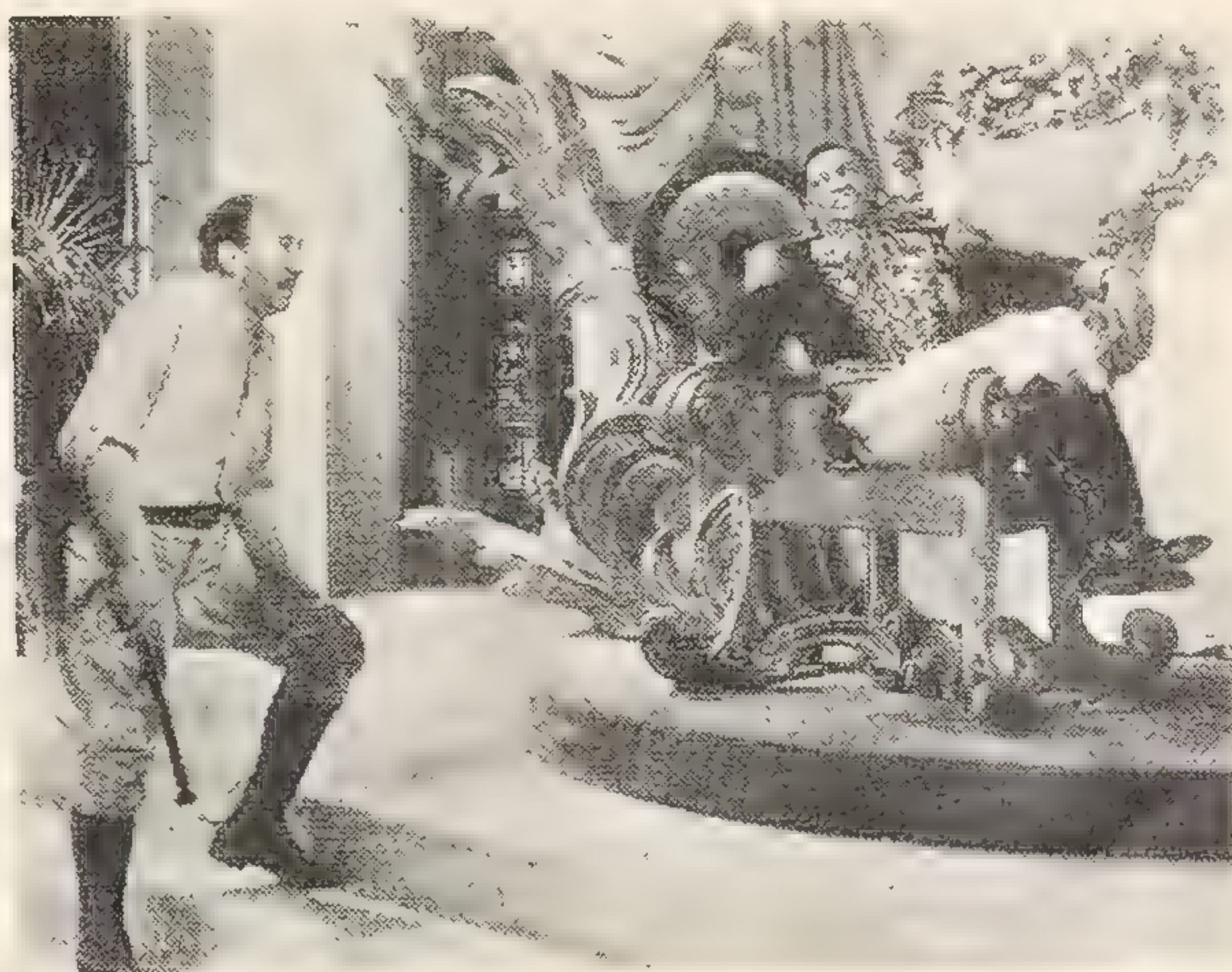
Your weakness in the way of charming screen sirens from now on will be, or I'm greatly mistaken, Miss Lilian Harvey. She's new, she's fresh, she's different—and she's fun. In fact, La Harvey's only weakness is the story in which she makes her American screen debut. Story? Well, er—maybe that is an exaggeration. It's a plot so slight that it's a mere wisp, and it's fortunate that Lilian's charms are of the light and delicate and thistle-down variety. She plays a house-maid, none too pretty, who interests a play boy, Lew Ayres, only for the purposes of a wager by which he transforms her into a beauty. Yes, it's like that. But because Lilian is so altogether gay and graceful, you'll find yourself rather enthralled. Of course our heroine becomes a rave, a vogue, with Charles Butterworth, Harry Langdon, and Sid Silvers on her trail; but Lew Ayres fails to succumb until sufficient entertainment is provided by way of mirth and melody and glimpses of such beauties as Mary (Will Rogers' daughter) Howard, Irene Ware, Barbara Weeks, and Susan Fleming. You'll be humming the songs, and you'll be writing La Harvey fan letters.



**The Private
Life Of
Henry The
Eighth**
*London
Films-United
Artists*



Here's a masterpiece! The full-length portrait of that mellow monarch, *Henry the Eighth*, painted by Charles Laughton, is one of the screen treats of the season. And the picture itself is the finest ever produced in England. A rich tapestry of the times upon which romantic figures move with color and character, with Laughton's robust *Henry* always dominant. His was a private life well worth the filming! Here is no "royal butcher" but a king who is every inch a man—and a man with a zest for life and a sense of humor! Laughton roars his way with gargantuan gusto through this film whose foreword frankly says: "Henry's first wife was of no particular interest. She was a respectable woman. We begin with the second wife—" It's all grand fun. Of the wives, it is Elsa Lancaster, the real-life Mrs. Laughton, who impresses most, as the comic *Ann of Cleves*. Merle Oberon is a beautiful but pale *Anne Boleyn*, Binnie Barnes is almost, but not quite sufficiently colorful as *Kate Howard*. Robert Donat is an interesting *Tom Culpeper*. For Laughton admirers, a Must!



**The Emperor
Jones**
*United
Artists*



Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama comes to the screen at last, and I hope that you will see it. It is one of the most interesting screenplays of this or any other season. You may have heard that Dudley Murphy, the director, tried for a long time to interest the cinema people in producing this classic, but not until he encountered John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, the two intrepid young men who presented "Maedchen in Uniform" to America, did his dream come true. The celluloid "Emperor Jones" is distinguished by the performance of Paul Robeson as the Pullman porter who becomes the tyrant of a tropical isle. Robeson is magnificent—there's no other word big enough. He brings all the power and dignity of his great voice and stature to the rôle. You will long remember his singing of *Water Boy*—an interpolation not intended by Eugene O'Neill, but exciting nevertheless. The jungle scenes, so moving, in the stage play and in the opera, fall far short, through no fault of Mr. Robeson. But "The Emperor Jones," in spite of obvious faults of scenario and direction, remains one of the more impressive celluloids.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



Perfumes have
a way about
them—if you
know the right
way to use them

By
*Katharine
Hartley*

Perfume— the rare essence of loveliness

WHEN a beauty editor sits down to write about perfume, it's awfully hard to keep out from under its romantic spell. It's such a glamorous subject! One is tempted to quote poetry, or at least to tell of the lovely women who have used perfume since the world began, and of the men who have succumbed to its appealing charms.

But just for once, I'm determined to be practical about perfumes. I think every woman realizes what a lovely, glamorous thing it is, and how subtly and beautifully it can color her life, if it is used artistically and correctly.

But that is the thing that most American women must learn. So few of us realize the importance of the right perfume on the right person at the right time. We are too liable just to douse it on for a big party, and forget about it the rest of the time. And then its purpose is defeated.

For perfume should never be noticed as perfume. It should be a subtly drifting fragrance, emanating from your whole body, definitely a part of you, always expressing you.

French women, for generations, have been skilled in the use of perfume. Constance Bennett, who has spent a great deal of time in Paris, in addition to making use of her own innate good taste, learned at first hand how

No, this is not an exclusive perfume shop—it is Connie Bennett's dressing room!

This portrait of Frances Dee symbolizes the close affinity between women everywhere and their favorite perfume.



to use perfume in the most skillful and effective way.

The picture of her dressing table above shows rows on rows of captivating perfumes and other *articles de toilette*. As many fragrances as there are flowers in the world, as many fragrances as there are moods and moments. Miss Bennett loves her perfumes. She says that some of them actually inspire her. She even chooses perfumes to suit the rôles she plays in pictures, to help herself really *feel* the person she is portraying.

This is one of the first things to learn about perfumes—how to select them to suit your moods, and the occasions for which they are worn. Don't just select one perfume and stick to it day in, day out. The same perfume, like the same mood, not only gets tiresome to yourself, but to other people as well. A perfume that's appropriate on the golf course, wouldn't be right for a formal drawing-room. Just as when you're feeling full of fun and laughter, your perfume may be a light spicy bouquet—but when you're more quiet and subdued, you will probably want your perfume to be subtly languid.

Constance Bennett also realizes the importance of carrying out the fragrance of her perfume in an ensemble of bath powder, eau de cologne and face powder—when this is possible—so there will be no conflicting fragrances waging a war around her. This is an expensive proposition if you want all your perfumes "enssembled"—but it's a grand idea. (Continue on page 80)



Betty Barthell caused quite an ether rumpus when she abruptly stopped singing. Read why!

Here are the artists who bring you those radio thrills and chills. An exclusive story of Radio's Dramatic Guild

Drama in the Air



Actor with a sense of humor! Stephen Fox says his friends call him "Columbia's Mad Actor."



Behind the radio scene! Marion Parsonnet, left, dramatic director, with Knowles Entrikin, character actor, in the control room. Parsonnet is directing his leading man, Stephen Fox, in one of the Dramatic Guild playlets.

By
Evelyn
Ballantine

IT WAS a melodramatic night at Columbia Broadcasting Studio. The atmosphere was dripping with drama, the—oh, don't blame me, I sat in on one of the Dramatic Guild playlets and it got me, pals, it got me! Just try to watch this group of actors emote without emoting with them—shudder for shudder and throb for throb!

The evening's drama was a sort of radio "Grand Hotel." Dramatic incidents were enacted while an orchestra could be heard throughout the program playing the *St. Louis Blues*. A motor crash—a plane crash—a domestic crash—and other bits of tragedy occurred during the ensuing half-hour. It took two studios and a lot of tricky synchronization to put over this broadcast. The orchestra was playing in a studio directly above the one used by the players—and neither could hear the other. So of course, all hands had to be absolutely letter-perfect in their lines and entrance cues.

For instance, Betty Barthell was singing at one point, and had to stop practically in the middle of a word so that Stephen Fox, who couldn't hear her but had to depend completely on timing, could cut in with an aviator's call for help. It was quite a feat! Mr. Marion Parsonnet, the Dramatic Guild director, was in the controlroom with ear-phones over his head, listening to the orchestra, waving cues to his players, and directing the three people who were making those realistic sound effects. All at the same time!

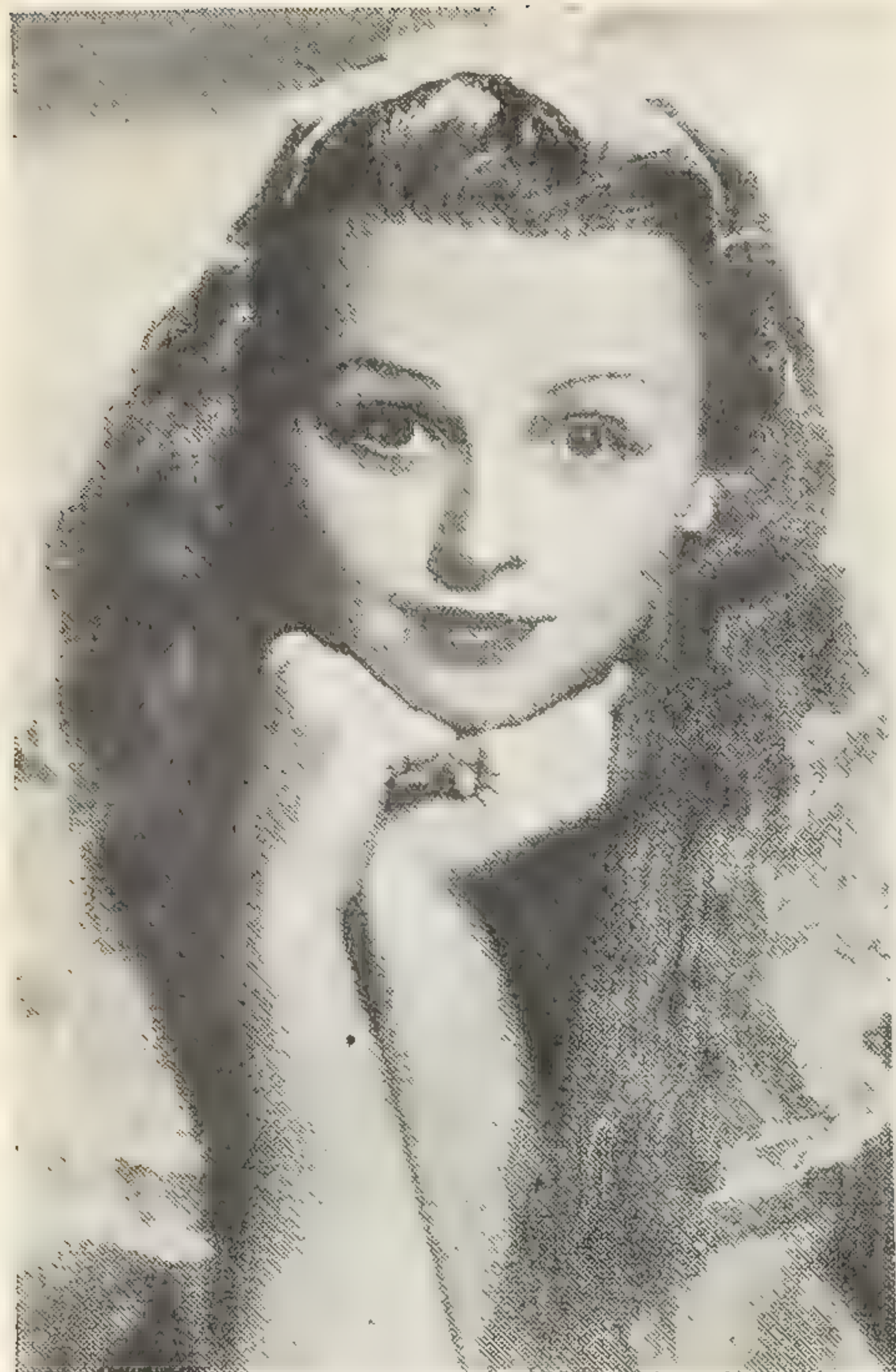
Despite the perfect orchestration of sound effects, something very unusual in radio programs occurred. The broadcast gained just the least little bit of speed during the half-hour, with the result that it finished about half a minute ahead of time. This may not

sound like much to you, but to the studio it was plenty! Anyway, the Dramatic Guild usually bows out with chimes—about five notes. Tonight the lady who plays the chimes didn't know about the extra half-minute and stopped at the usual time, but Parsonnet frantically motioned for her to continue. The look of complete amazement on her face as she continued banging away at the chimes had everyone in the studio in convulsions, and handkerchiefs were stuffed in mouths to stifle laughter so that you, you, and you wouldn't hear.

After the broadcast I chatted with Stephen Fox and learned that he is the only dramatic actor under contract to Columbia Broadcasting Studio. And though born in New Orleans, Fox spent much of his life in foreign lands. He was educated in England and Ireland, hence his grand British accent. He never writes letters; he's an extravagant telegram-sender. When he was in France during the war he received a letter from General Pershing ordering him to write to his mother!

"You know, they call me 'Columbia's Mad Actor'!" he remarked. Whew! I was just getting ready to run when he grinned and added, "I played ten insane men in eleven weeks, and I guess I'll never live down that title, anyway, not with the bunch of ribbers I'm working with here."

We were seated in one of the offices when a voice from an adjoining office said, "Say, Steve, may I see you a moment?" Loud laughter was heard emanating from that direction—the ribbers were at it again. Sure enough, when Mr. Fox came back he wore a rather sheepish grin and said, "You can't even be interviewed around here without being spoofed about it. Parsonnet and a few of the boys just (Continued on page 83)



Here's Charlotte Henry, the movie *Alice*, just before embarking upon her "Adventures in Wonderland." She was chosen from among 7000 girls to play the lead.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S most serious upset of recent months was the departure to London of her secretary, who has been in Joan's employ for many years. The secretary went to join Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Originally he was Miss Crawford's private secretary. When she married Doug, Jr., he became secretary to both Joan and her husband. When Joan and the junior Fairbanks were divorced, they still shared this one employee. It is no wonder Joan is upset; the secretary knew more about her business affairs than she knows herself.

I THINK it was Madge Evans, a rapt believer in astrology, who said in the studio café one noon, "Greta Garbo ought to do well with this company. Why, she was born under the sign of Leo, the M-G-M lion."

Here's Hollywood!

Special dispatches from the Western Front—
news, gossip, excitement!

By Weston East

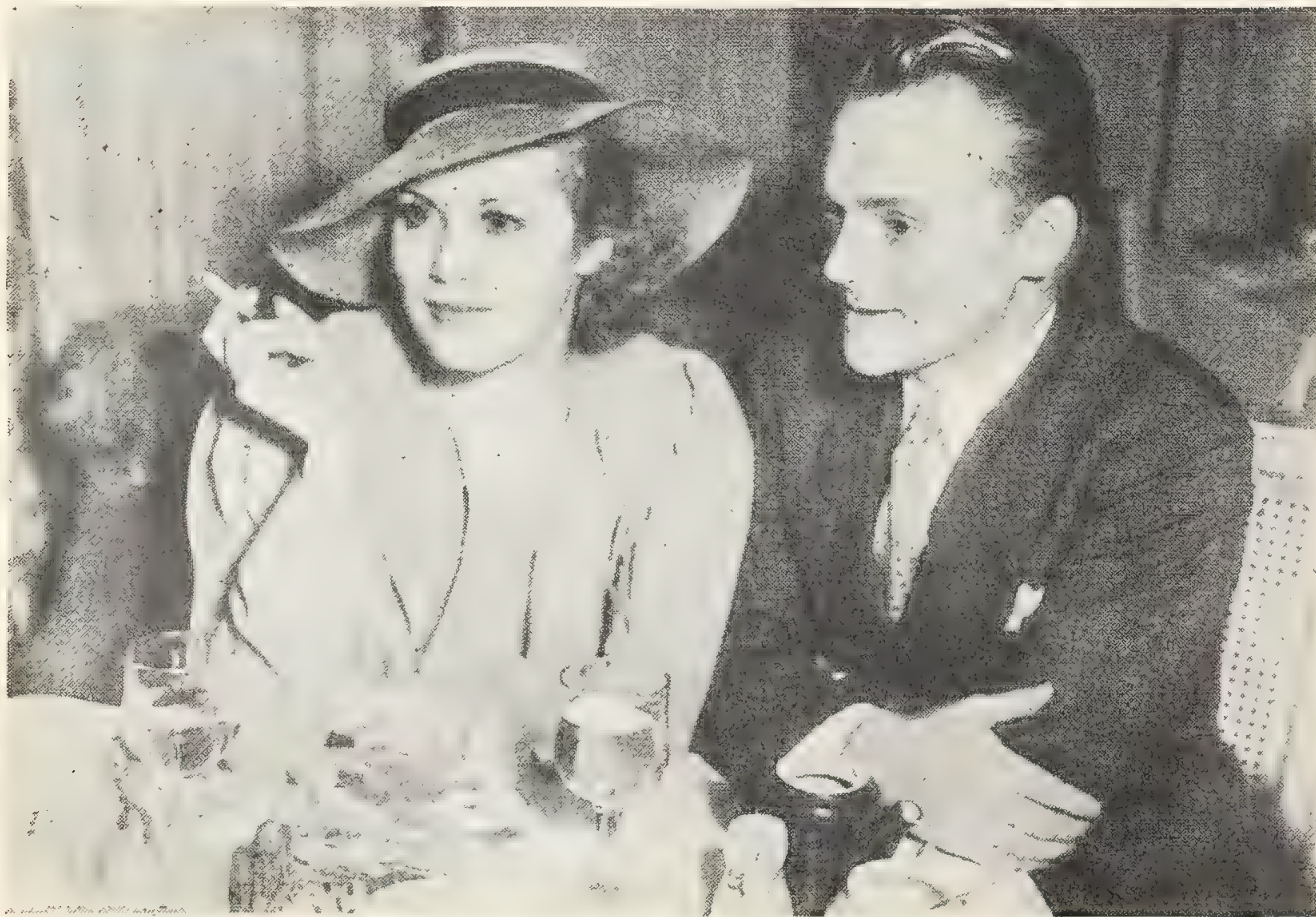
CHARLOTTE HENRY, the little eighteen-year-old girl whom Paramount chose, after an extended search, to play the title rôle in "Alice in Wonderland," must feel pretty much as did Lewis Carroll's small heroine. Charlotte came to the Coast from Brooklyn three years ago to make a name for herself in pictures, but never got far beyond the casting director's office. Now, out of a clear sky, she's getting her chance, and in no trifling rôle. Others in the cast are Bing Crosby as the *Mock Turtle*, Gary Cooper as the *White Knight*, Alison Skipworth as the *Duchess*, Jack Oakie as *Tweedledee*, and Louise Fazenda as the *White Queen*. Quite a constellation!

CLARK GABLE laughed at this, so I suppose I am safe in passing it along. I mean this paragraph from a letter from Jean Betty Huber, a Gable fan:

"We took snapshots. One pose especially was good; I was garbed in slacks and had my arms around Clark Gable. Our 'Clark' happens to be the cutest little brown calf with the world's BIGGEST EARS!!!"

Oh, well, Clark laughed at it.

BELIEVE it or not, fan-mail decreased thirty per cent during the depression, but is near-normal now. . . . Fredric March's stand-in looks so much like the star, he is often besieged for autographs. . . . Baby LeRoy's chair for sets is a high chair, the only one of its kind. . . . Lew Ayres gets peeved with Ginger Rogers because her leading men fall in love with her. . . . Following stars have been sued by "Uncle Sam" for back income taxes: Tallulah Bankhead, \$104.66; Fifi D'Orsay, \$910.09; Evelyn Brent, \$136.18; Reginald Denny, \$336.56. . . . Ed Wynn, a constant summer guest at his director's beach home, sent him a grand piano in appreciation. . . . Claudette Colbert's physician operated for appendicitis and did not leave a scar. . . . During her illness, Edmund Lowe sent wifey Lilyan Tashman a bowl of white roses daily. . . . Sheldon Lewis, deaf for several years, recently recovered his hearing. . . . Lyle Talbot remarks that "courting" used to occur before marriage; now it takes place afterwards.



International

They caught the fever! Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother, were the third Hollywood couple to stage an elopement within the space of a week. They were married at Agua Caliente, and are honeymooning now.



Two generation meet! Betty Davis, as the modern girl, and 7 Francis, as the Gibson girl.



Here's how London greeted Wallace Beery and his inseparable companion, little Carol Ann, on their arrival during a holiday trip. That autograph-hunter in the foreground seems to have "got his man"!

A WELL-KNOWN magazine writer who is a friend of Franchot Tone was motoring with Jean Harlow one afternoon. As they were driving at the beach, the writer said, "I'll take you to Franchot's house." Jean thought that a delightful idea.

Arriving there, the writer carefully looked for Joan Crawford's car, for Joan sometimes visits Tone's beach home. No car was in sight, so the writer and Jean went inside—and there was Joan!

And if you know that a feud exists between La Crawford and The Harlow, then you'll know that the situation was most embarrassing.

MARY BRIAN reports a new "height of nerve." At the same time she moved into her new home, some people occupied a house across the street. Several of Mary's friends visited for an informal party—a sort of quiet house-warming. Early in the evening the neighbor knocked at the door, protested against the noise, and threatened to call the police.

"Go ahead, call the police," said Mary, who knew that her guests were quiet and orderly.

Whereupon the neighbor hesitated a moment before he asked, "May I use your telephone?"

THEY were relating the retort of a casting director. An actor was objecting to playing a rôle in which, throughout the picture, he remained silent. He claimed the silent part was an insult to his ability.

"Chaplin isn't so bad," said the casting director.



International

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown. Sally Eilers and the well-known director staged a romantic elopement by plane to Yuma, Arizona.

THE most amazing things occur when Baby LeRoy starts to cry. I was visiting a studio set one day when the youngster decided to loose his tears, this in spite of the fact that the script called for gurgles and smiles.

The following fifteen minutes were among the most enjoyable I ever spent. Bill Fields juggled for the baby. Alison Skipworth made funny faces and funny noises. Jack Oakie stood on his head until all the silver money fell from his pockets and scattered over the floor.

The baby's tears at last turned to smiles. The transformation took place when Gary Cooper, swinging his watch on the end of its chain, struck himself on the nose and caused the blood to flow.



Acme

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper seem to have enjoyed the Donald Ogden Stewarts' "favorite star" party. Fay came as herself in "King Kong;" Gary's costume is original.



Gilbert Roland, resplendent in his flight officer's uniform, looks loads of love at Constance Bennett in "The Woman Spy." Look out, Gil—she's probably using you as a tool to help her get hold of the pap-uhs!



Lois Wilson as *Skippy*, Michael Farmer as *Fu Manchu*, and Gloria Swanson as "The White Sister."

MONTHLY HISS AND CHEER DEPARTMENT:

A long, long shot with bad lighting to that Paramount gateman who, discovering that a seven-year-old boy had slipped inside the studio long enough to obtain an autograph from Richard Arlen, seized the paper with the precious signature and tore it in half.

And a beautiful big close-up to Claudette Colbert, who witnessed the gateman's act. She denounced him so pronouncedly that he fled into his cubby-hole office in shame. Whereupon Miss Colbert led the small boy into the studio and secured for him not one, but several signatures.

A long shot and noisy sound track to *Vanity Fair* for publishing those un-lovely offstage photographs of stars and stating that such hideous portraits are common, which they are not. The most beautiful women in the world photograph badly when poorly lighted, and *Vanity Fair* editors should be aware of that.

A lovely close-shot to Helen Hayes. Unable to play in "One Sunday Afternoon," she recommended Frances Fuller, a young New York stage actress. Miss Fuller was engaged, and made good.

NO DOUBT the citizens of Sayner, Wisconsin, are pinching themselves today to discover if they are awake?

For one entire month, Janet Gaynor and her mother rested in Sayner. They registered there as Mrs. Smith and daughter—and no one recognized the girl who is often termed the most popular motion picture star.

THE return of Mae Clarke as Jimmy Cagney's leading lady, in "The Finger Man," evoked several jokes at her expense. Never-to-be-forgotten was that scene in "Public Enemy," when Cagney smacked Miss Clarke in the face with a grapefruit. The day she returned from the new picture, Mae found a crate of the juicy fruit in her dressing room. Accompanying the present was a note: "For internal use only. James Cagney."

The following day Cagney, Mae and the cast of six others lunched together. What a laugh went up when the waitress, previously instructed, brought orders of grapefruit to every member of the group.



One of the most interesting couples were Myrna Loy as Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," and Arthur Hornblow.

RECENTLY, Hollywood has returned to its "partying mood"; gay affairs have been the theme of the film colony's return to prosperity.

Foremost among these was a "come-dressed-as-a-star" fete which took place at the Vendome, popular Hollywood eating place. I won't attempt to describe the colorful affair, but will give you a few highlights of the evening:

Top-spot for originality went to Adrian, film fashionist, who came as "Chic Sale," clad in a cardboard "telephone booth" with the regulation crescent-moon cut in the door.

Robert Benchley came as Hitler, the German dictator. That caused Fredric March to comment, "But Hitler is no movie actor." Whereupon Benchley retorted, "You think not? Listen, Hitler is the movies' greatest menace."

Two leading men whose names must remain secret almost came to blows over Mrs. Ralph Bellamy, who reached the party in the guise of "Sadie Thompson." One leading man, who is Joan Crawford's ardent swain, said that Mrs. Bellamy was imitating Joan. The other leading man said she was mimicking Gloria Swanson. The argument had reached the personal stage when Mrs. Bellamy ended it by declaring that she had borrowed from the screen characterizations of both Joan and Gloria.

Completely shattering all expectations, no star came as "himself."

TWO lovely ladies are racing to be first to meet the stork. They are Joan Bennett, expecting in February, and Dorothy Jordan, who looks for the stork soon after Joan.

NO FAIR mentioning names, but a certain hand-kissing leading man is nursing a grouch, and the ladies-about-town are hiding disappointment, all because of a recent gag.

It seems that the ladies got together at a party to which the gentleman was invited, and they put sneeze powder on their lily-white hands. The leading man bowed and kissed—and sneezed. In fact, he spent most of the evening, before he went home in a huff—sneezing.

Now he has quit kissing hands, and the ladies are all sorry, for secretly, they will now admit, they liked the gallant hand-kissing, and they derived a private thrill from it.



Time flies! Paul Muni and Aline MacMahon (would you know them if we hadn't told you?) as an old couple in "The World Changes."



Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, hosts, and Joan Payson, guest.

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of HEXIN.

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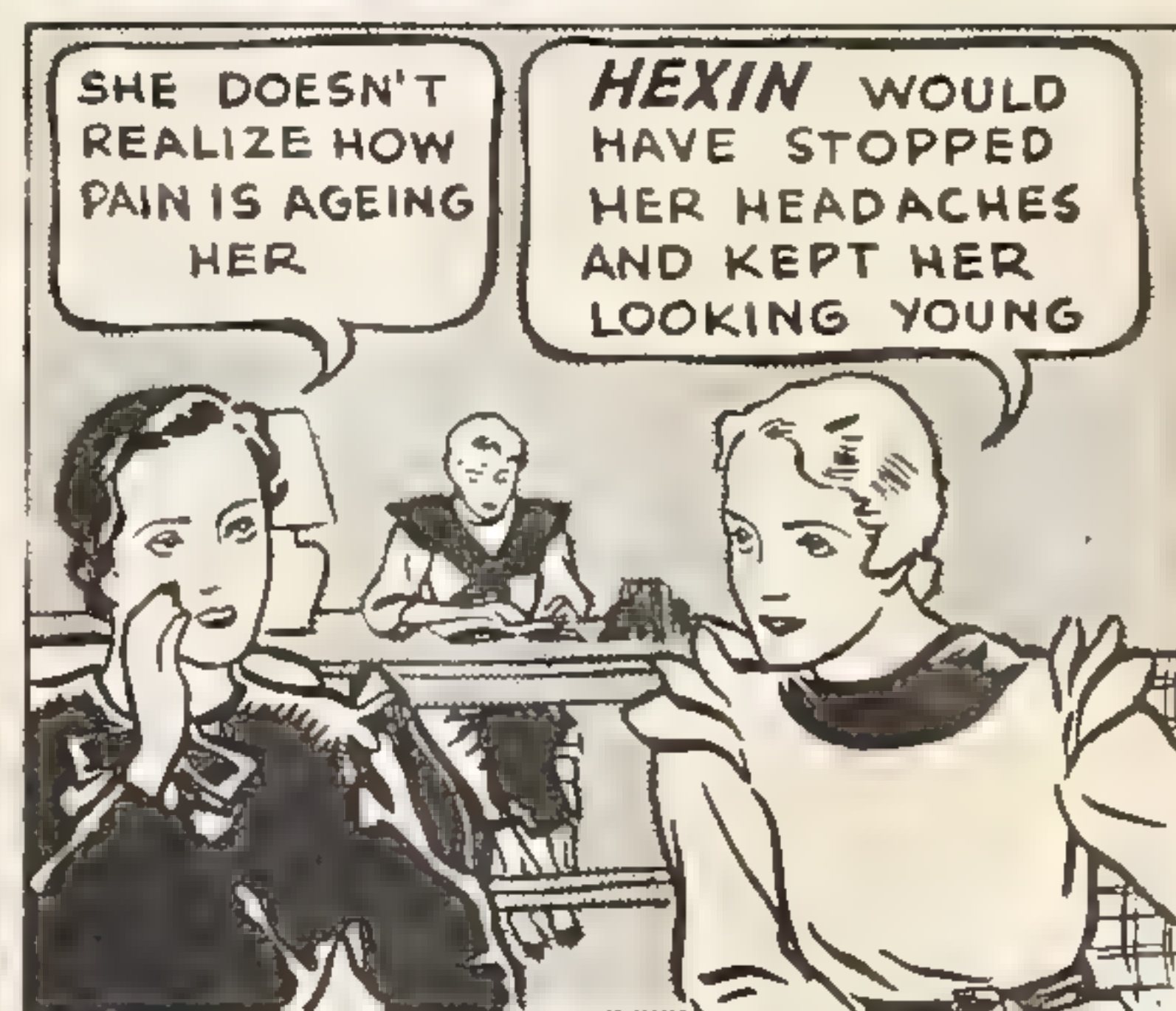
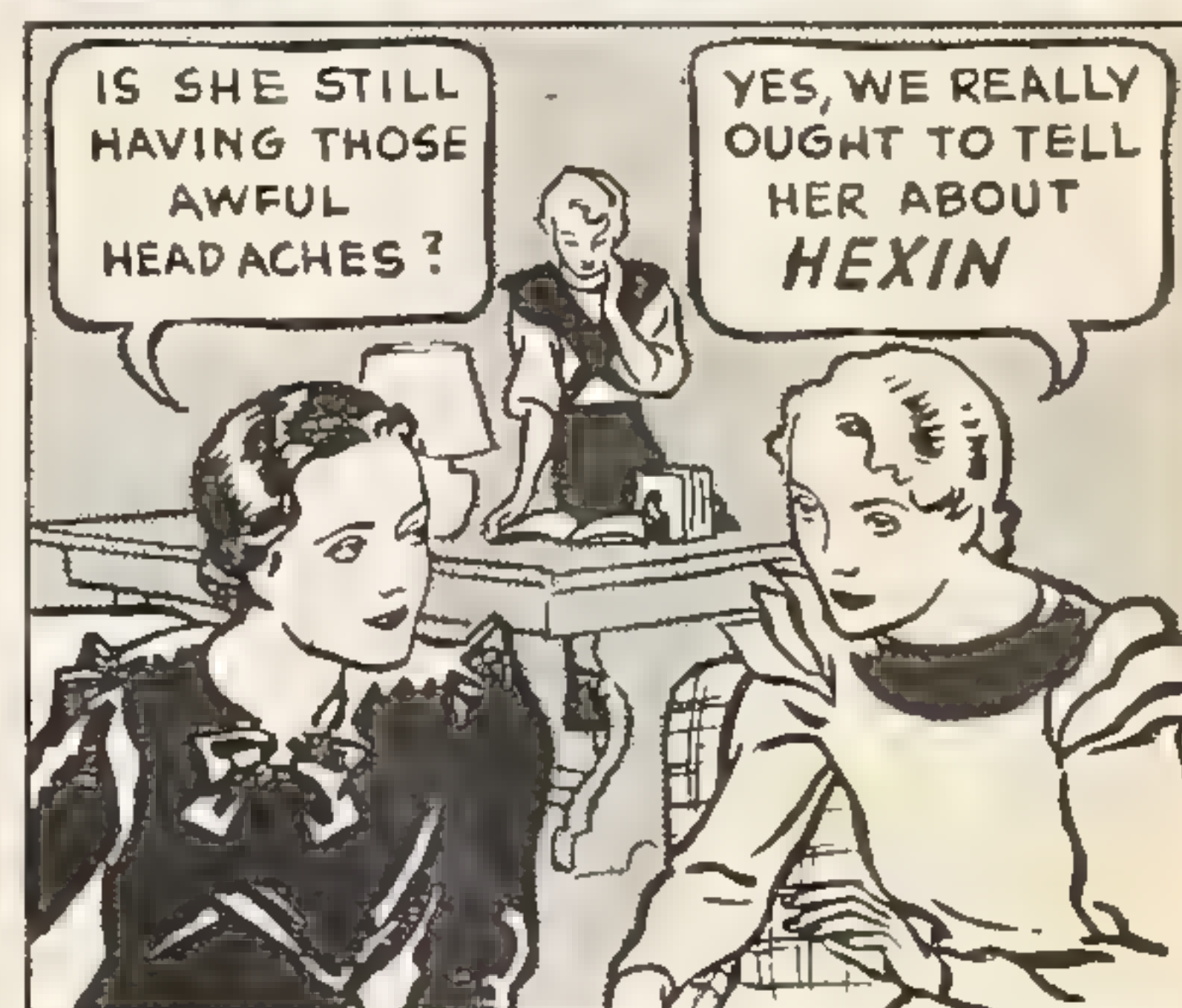
HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test **FREE** by mailing the coupon NOW.



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

Rome, Sweet Rome!

Some classic! Eddie Cantor goes back to ancient times in the musical "Roman Scandals"



Grace Poggi, one of the girls who follows Eddie's advice, helps decorate the scene.



A dark-eyed, ebony-haired slave girl dances her devotion to the goddess Terpsichore.



Marcus Eddibus Cantorum of Rome gathers a few of the local cuties around him and sings them a new lyric with an age-old idea.

Just between us musicians! Eddie prepares to warble a tune accompanied by no less a musician than the great god Pan in person.

A bit of Romance language! Ruth Etting, celebrated torch singer, hears a few torchy words from David Manners, a young Roman noble, right.



These statuesque maidens form part of a living frieze for the Great Slave Market in "Roman Scandals." Let's hope Eddie kept his mind on his work!



Why You Love Marie Dressler!

Continued from page 23

nine days, never talking to less than five thousand. Once when she and General Pershing were speaking on the same platform a frantically enthusiastic crowd cried out:

"Pershing for President, Marie Dressler for Vice President!"

"If you go to the White House," she said to Pershing, "I will go too." And she adds, "I could see right then that his hopes were blasted. He never seemed to take any interest in the nomination after that!"

When Marie was but a kiddie she fell off a roof to save her dog from being shot. He had bitten a neighbor's child who had ill-treated him. As the angry townfolk approached the house to get the animal, Marie climbed out of a second-story window, and bounced unexpectedly off a sloping roof onto the ground. She landed like a ton of lead and shook every bone in her body, but held tightly to the pup.

Pretty badly shaken and bruised, she nevertheless carried her pet to safety, and hid him until she got him a home at a sufficient distance where the law could not reach him.

And ever since then Marie has been for the under-dog.

If there ever was a friend who faced a blank wall, wondering if a doorway existed, it was always this great soul who came to the rescue.

If, between engagements, she was puzzled as to what she should do next, all she had to hear was the tale of woe of a fellow actor or actress to decide matters. Immediately her fertile mind thought up an act for them to do and off they went into vaudeville for a season.

If a playwright was up against it, not knowing how to market his brain child, Marie stepped into the picture, helped rewrite the play, and it was sold.

She has stepped into the cast of several plays only to find them doomed to failure. After a few rehearsals and performances, she changed them about and they became roaring successes.

She has made fortunes and lost them but the sheer great, fine quality of the woman has always brought her back.

She has never failed a human soul whom she knew to be worthy and who needed help. Someone, some place, has always leaned on Marie.

From childhood she realized what most of us do not, that life is only worth the living if you see the fun there is in it.

Instinctively she became a comedian to lure folk away from their troubles and make them laugh. The world has laughed with her for over four decades but never at her.

She is the symbol of all we would like to be at three-score years. Gallant, unafraid, and with head thrown back, she laughs because it is better to laugh than to cry.

The great of the world have met her in many lands and paid her homage as an artist, but Marie found in them only friends. She was never impressed with their greatness. She found them only human.

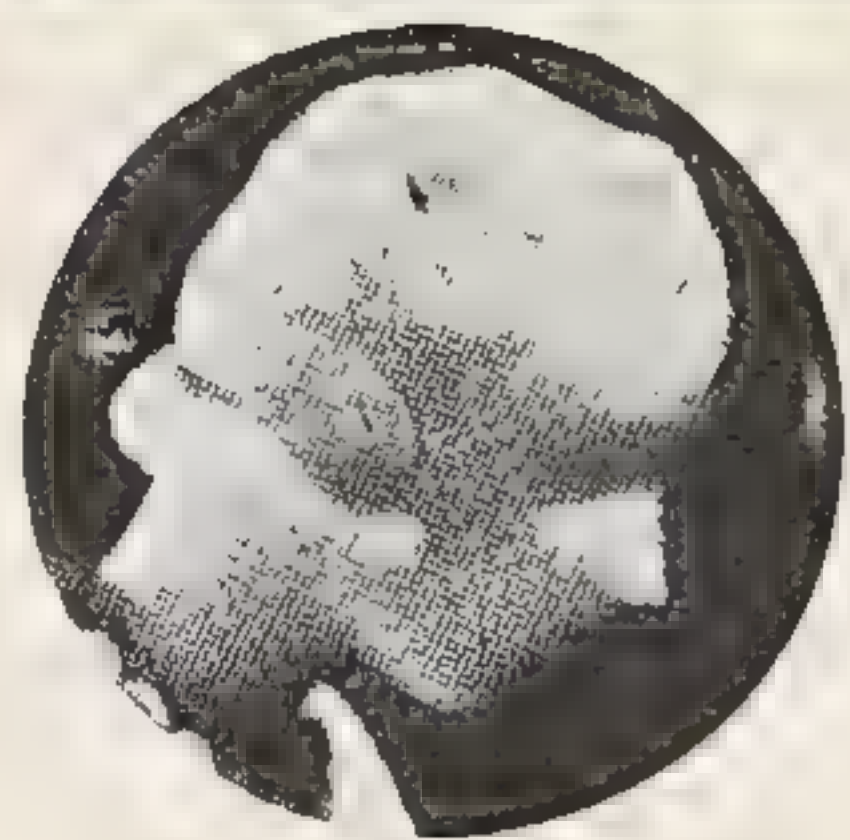
John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on meeting her said:

"Do you know, I used to sit in a gallery just to see you throw a banana you plucked from your hat at the orchestra leader!"

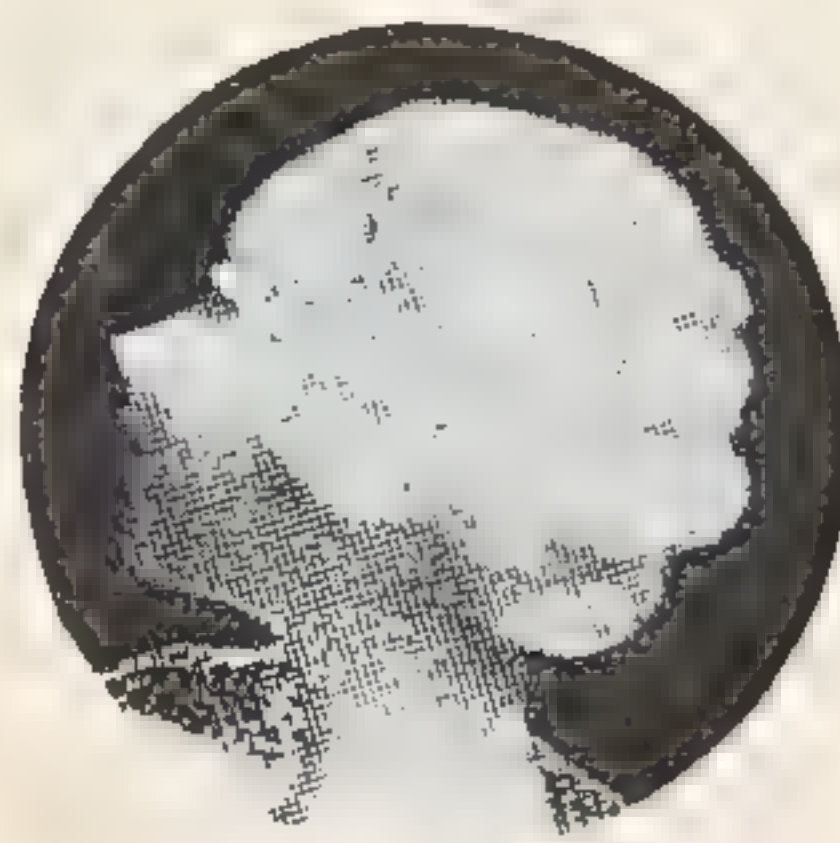


"Look! . . .
my last year's wool!"

"And it looks so
new! . . . she's smart
to use Ivory Snow."



"Your woolies always look so grand, Kay. Does Ivory Snow make a difference?"



"Indeed it does. Using a soap that only half-dissolves is silly when you can get an instant soap like Ivory Snow. Sit down, Susy, and learn how to wash that \$15 sweater of yours."

Hand-knit sweater
by Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

**fluffy
Ivory
Snow
keeps
fluffy
woolens
fluffy**

How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup the sweater in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.
5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your **CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!**



100% PURE



I won't let Gray Hair spoil my fun

Without mercy, gray hair steals your richest treasures . . . youth, beauty . . . deprives you of the admiration that makes life a spirited adventure.

"Distinguished," your friends console you, as gray hair opens the door to Heart-break Age. But you can't hide from yourself that the "silver threads" are robbing you of confidence, making you look and feel years older than you should.

Hold fast to youth! Stop the thief of youth with Notox!

NOTOX is a new method of recoloring gray hair, strictly scientific . . . undetectable! It never looks "artificial"! With Notox you can overtake even those first gray strands, for its clever shades blend perfectly with your natural color. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface of dye as old-fashioned methods do, Notox gently penetrates the shaft, and colors your hair inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft and lustrous . . . and retains its lovely, even shade as permanently as natural color. Wash, wave and sun it all you like!

Ask any good hairdresser for Inecto Rapid Notox. And here's a warning . . . be sure you see the actual Notox bottle. Resent a substitute . . . no like product exists. You can buy Notox at any smart shop.

SEND FOR FREE COPY of the Inecto Rapid Notox Beauty Analysis! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 85, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

• COLORS HAIR INSIDE
WHERE NATURE DOES



"Busy, dancing feet must have their beauty treatments, too!"

THE time has come," the calendar says, "to talk of Christmas things" . . . and since a woman is always interested in beauty, why not give her something to enhance it?

We've all seen lots of Christmas beauty packages—but most of them are awfully expensive, and not even very practical. Here's the exception that proves the rule, however—a gift package from Armand, consisting of powder, cream rouge, and perfume, that is very inexpensive. And you don't have to worry about matching the shades of the powder and rouge to your friend's complexion either. Because Armand powder and rouge are flattering to all colorings and types.

Here's the reason. The Armand powder is a blend of shades, but so light and fine in texture that it gives a transparent finish, allowing the natural skin tints to show through. The rouge, too, is designed on the same principle. It is blood color—the true color of the skin when it is naturally flushed and rosy.

Armand is preparing a number of other gift packages, and all of them are within an easy price range. Some of them are even less than a dollar. Is that good news, or am I wrong!

When anybody asks me what to do about improving her hair, my first question always is, "Do you brush it?" Nine out of ten times, the answer is "no"—plus a dozen and one excuses for why they don't do it.

Oh, I know you've heard me say it before, and I'll probably go on saying it for years—but the hair must be brushed if you want it to be healthy and beautiful. And when you can buy a really good brush—such as the new Prophylactic Stranzit—for very little—there's no excuse for not having a brush, and there's even less for not using it!

The Stranzit brush has a distinctive new feature. The bristles are wide-set

Femi-nifties

Beauty Products on Parade—
without the "Ballyhoo"

By Katharine
Hartley



"An inexpensive gift package from Armand . . ."

and arranged in wave-like rows, so they can penetrate to the under part of your hair, and even to the scalp. It helps you have the kind of softly shining hair that makes dancing partners snuggle closer!

Speaking of new things on the beauty market, there's a new cream put out by the makers of Thinc hand cream. This one is a face cream—a "facial cleanser tonique," it's called. And in addition to cleansing thoroughly, it really refreshes and invigorates the skin. It's grand for quick cleansing and toning, when you haven't the time for a complete facial.

There is also the Thinc Applicator—a little rubber "mit" that fits over your fingers—for applying the cream and gently massaging the face. It stimulates the circulation and is much more effective than applying the cream just with your fingers.



"There's no excuse for not owning a good brush now!"

You may wonder what the tap-dancer at the top of this page has to do with remarks on beauty. Well, just this. The stars in Hollywood have found that feet need beauty and comfort treatments, too—whether they're dancing feet or just feet that stand around on the set all day.

Dr. Scholl has proved himself a foot's best friend—what with all his marvelous products for the "tootsie-wootsies"—the powders, the heel pads, the arch braces, the what-not. So when your feet are complaining, urge them on to the nearest counter where you see Dr. Scholl's foot products displayed. It's truly the comfortable end of a long, long trail!

It's not enough to spend hours beautifying your face—bodies, too, need pampering. One of the simplest body beauty treatments is to use perfumed Linit freely in your bath. It dissolves in the water and makes your skin feel soft as silk and smooth as ivory.

Incidentally, if you'll use Linit and then send the package top, together with 10c, to Linit, they'll send you an attractive perfume container for your purse.



"It cleanses and tones up the skin at the same time!"

Lowe and Behold! Here's Edmund

Continued from page 30

what's wrong about his methods, his delivery and his general address.

"Acting, you know, is largely a matter of timing. It's pretty hard to gauge the proper timing when you're performing for the benefit of a parboiled director, two unimpressible cameramen and a bunch of juicers with no yen toward an appreciation of art. For all you know, as you stand out there in front of the cameras and do your stuff, you may be simply terrible—or you may be making a bum out of Edwin Booth. It's when you're face to face with a theatre full of people, and can feel their response or lack of response, hear their laughs or their silences, that you know whether or not you're on the right track.

"And that's why I recommend an occasional fling on the boards for any actor—six weeks or so behind the footlights—as a sort of testing ground for his art or his racket, as the case may be."

While he was thus discoursing, Eddie wriggled, shuffled and side-stepped into a full-dress suit, complete with silk topper—his costume in the little comedy skit in which the good burghers of Brooklyn were to see and applaud the handsome cinematist in the flesh. With this resplendent outfit went a sizeable revolver, his equipment as an irresistible gentleman crook who comes to rob and remains to romance. The entire ensemble was, in its way, an epitome of Edmund Lowe's career on the screen, a combination of the best features of two distinct types which he has proved himself an expert at playing. For when you are not palpitating to his screen exploits as a dangerous flaunter of firearms ("I've toted a gun in almost every one of my pictures," Eddie commented), then you are apt to see him in a suave soup-and-fish rôle such as he played in the recent "Her Body-guard" and the current "Dinner at Eight."

"That's another thing about this acting business," pointed out ace-high Lowe. "A fellow ought to change his style every so often. People got to know me as *Sergeant Quirt* in 'What Price Glory' and 'The Cock-Eyed World.'" (And incidentally, he lived up to Laurence Stallings' immortal characterization of that picturesque warrior as "the best — — top sergeant that ever destroyed a memorandum receipt.") "But I figured that there was only a limited future in being a tough soldier all my life, so I changed off to more polished rôles in pictures like 'The Spider' and 'Transatlantic.' And that's what I've aimed at doing right along. Within the next few months I'm going to make another of those rough-and-tumble sagas with Vic McLaglen, called 'No More Women,' for Paramount. And if experience is any guide, perhaps I'm justified in hoping that the fans will welcome me back in that familiar character especially after I've been away from it for some time."

Other pictures which the sought-after Eddie has contracted to make in the near future are "Bombay Mail," for Universal, and "Between You and Me," for Paramount. He is also toying with the idea of accepting the offer of Mr. Ray Kirkwood, independent producer, to go to Africa on location for a thriller which will probably be known as "Hell Hounds." An attractive idea, thinks Ed, offering travel, adventure, and an environment so different (in some respects) from Hollywood.

Between his definite plans for future

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pictures and his rather uncrystallized hopes for a season on the Broadway stage, Eddie often thinks, he confided, of pursuing a hobby that has little to do with his actorial exploits. He is, as you probably know, something of a pedant in his way, having won in his student days the right to append the learned initials A.B., A.M., to his name, and having also held the distinction of being the youngest member of the faculty of his alma mater, the University of Santa Clara. (Yes, Eddie was a college instructor!) He never pursued his scholastic studies to the logical conclusion of taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, however, for the temptations of a stage and screen career veered him into other chan-

nels. But lately the University has tendered him the unusual invitation to submit a thesis for his Doctorate—a signal honor, as he pointed out, for very rarely is any scholar permitted to take his Doctor's degree without undertaking the necessary classroom study. And some day, when Eddie finds the time, he hopes to turn out a sober thesis and win this crowning academic honor.

Which achievement one ardently hopes will come to pass, for the spectacle of Captain McLaglen being told where in the blankety-blank he gets off at by Sergeant Lowe, *Ph.D.*, should be one of the most exhilarating sights the screen has yet afforded.

Joan Unmasks Hollywood

Continued from page 29

theatre organization in Greenwich Village to allow me to illustrate how well I could enact the lead in their first production. I read the part with profound confidence. They rewarded me with a supporting rôle.

"It was a hectic but stimulating existence from then on. Good plays and bad ones, strong parts and poor ones. Finally I got into Katharine Cornell's 'The Age of Innocence.'" This success launched him in a series of juvenile leads and the high-brow critics proclaimed him the white hope of the legitimate. That brought the Hollywood bid.

Franchot was anxious to oblige when he reported to M-G-M. But he had no suspicion that movie-making was going to be complex. Everything had been comparatively smooth sailing. Despite the pavement pounding he was never broke. He soon found that there are all sorts of problems in Hollywood and that signing a contract is only half the battle.

He determined to play a lone hand. Silence couldn't get him into trouble. And so our first conception of him was that he was aloof.

The advice of one who is at the top, of one who has learned the ropes by often bitter experience, has been an invaluable aid. Ability can mean nothing in pictures if you don't know the tricks of the trade. Unless it is properly exploited.

"This is where Joan's counsel came in," Franchot said to me. (We were introduced over the telephone, by the way! I'd called Joan and he happened to be at her house. So she did the honors by remote control. Later I took to visiting them on the sets.)

"In every business there are people who must be pleased if one wishes to be looked upon with favor. Powers behind the thrones, too. Joan intimated who was who in Hollywood." And, of course, she sponsored him socially.

Probably the most noticeable change she affected in him was in his viewpoint towards publicity.

"On the stage it is a negligible factor. I felt that posing for portraits and auto-graphing books for fans was a form of exhibitionism. At premières I used to blush violently when noticed and I'd scribble my name in the fans' books so fast I scarcely knew what I was doing.

"Joan showed me how wrong I was. She convinced me that a picture player is not making a fool of himself when he acknowledges the public's curiosity. She believes one should be very grateful to the fans for their approval. I agree now that I've reasoned it out.

"I remember my first Mayfair Club party at the Biltmore. A news photog-



Here's Rosalie Roy, one of the Warner chorines, and an added reason for looking forward to that musical extravaganza, "Footlight Parade."

rapher snapped a group shot of Joan and Doug, Jr., the Irving Thalbergs and the Leslie Howards and myself. I carefully stood so that my head would be completely hidden by Leslie's!"

The lessons in showmanship have modulated his reserve. He still lacks the spectacular quality which big stars have, but it can be developed since he is no longer inhibited by self-consciousness. He is endeavoring to discover just what kind of publicity is best.

"When I see how writers have badgered Joan, particularly when she announced her separation from Doug, I shudder at the dangers one can encounter by being too kind to the press!"

Franchot has moved in from the beach to Brentwood, a few blocks from Joan. The set decorator who fixed that delightful barn-house for Alice Brady in "When

Ladies Meet" supervised the furnishing of the new Tone home. (With some suggestions from Joan!) The chief feature is a beautiful all-white bedroom, designed for his mother. Franchot anticipates a visit from her shortly, having forwarded pictures of the room to Niagara Falls.

There are many details of the actual camera work which he has had to master, and on which Joan helped him.

"My gestures were quicker than they should be for the screen and Joan slowed me down. Then the speed with which scenes are taken confused me. It is difficult to rise to a climax with no preliminaries, as we have on the stage.

"I noted that whenever Joan loses the mood of a scene she stops and begins anew. Naturally, she'd be a mechanism if she did otherwise. I might expose my secret! On occasions when I realize I'm not getting the correct mood I pretend to forget a line. They have to stop. Only a star rates ceasing without some pretext!"

Joan's generosity towards her fellow actors was a revelation to him. He had been warned that every movie star was for self, and heaven rescue the rest of the cast.

"Which is a silly generalization," Franchot declares. "Joan is fair to everyone. She wants each person to do his best." She told him how to deal with scene-stealers.

"An actor may maneuver around so that you are 'backed up,' as they describe it. He emerges full-face to the camera and you have only a profile showing. Joan recommended that if such a situation arose I turn my back completely to the camera. Then the director would have to give me a close-up to see what the heck I was expressing on my face!"

"In a recent picture the leading lady tried to do me dirt exactly in this manner. I followed through quite successfully with Joan's advice!"

On the stage the stars leave the wardrobe items to those who are paid to attend to the costuming. Franchot learned from watching Joan that a wise star wouldn't dream of overlooking his or her clothes.

At first he was in a daze with the Hollywood custom of rushing one into a part without consulting the actor about it. Everyone knows before the player, in contrast to the legitimate where one may pick at leisure the suitable rôles. That Joan has proffered opinions as to which are "building" parts is not to be doubted.

And I'm going to quote Joan. Though she has been interviewed numberless times she is always vivid copy. That is because she is a thinker as well as a doer, because she is ever progressing, ever living.

"From all appearances Franchot is the most indifferent person in the world," Joan began as we sat in her portable dressing-room on the "Dancing Lady" set. She was adorable in a demure Swiss costume, topped by a flaxen wig. Patiently she braided the long yellow hair into two coy pigtailed and tied on a bright blue bow as the finishing touch. The fancy effects were for a Broadway revue number in the picture.

"Then you begin your scene with him and are astounded to find you are working with the keenest of actors. Technically, he is perfect. He knows how to express every kind of feeling—instantly!"

"I have no technique at all myself. I'm all emotion and when I cry, for instance, I keep on until I'm cried out. I'd give anything to be as skilled in acting as he is. But he learned his technique on the stage and you can't develop any in films.

"Franchot has fascinated me with his accounts of the theatre. My greatest de-

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Maurice enters the heartache-healing business! This still from "The Way to Love" shows him with a new leading lady—none other than Ann Dvorak, whose exotic beauty is well suited to the gypsy rôle she assumes here.

sire now is to act with the famous 'Group Theatre in New York, the organization with which he played. They take time to analyze every character, to study everything pertaining to drama."

And speaking of analyzing reminded Joan that Franchot is the most logical man she has ever known.

"He has taught me to curb relying upon my intuition. If someone hurts him he doesn't lose his temper. He sits in a corner quietly and reasons out why. When people have said sarcastic things to or about me I've cried. But he has shown me that they must have had a motive for being mean. And when you search for it you recognize their purpose and aren't hurt."

I asked her what his foremost characteristics are and she replied sincerity and honesty. It may be imagined that his wealth of academic and stage atmosphere strikes a hitherto untouched chord in Joan's heart. Doug, Jr. thrilled her when she was impressed by superficial glory.

Franchot stands for maturity, conservative achievement.

"It's not true that I'm easily influenced," Joan added, denying the many articles which have painted her as swayed by her environment. "The friendship of people I trust and respect indirectly affects me—for the better, I hope! But I have to like them a lot to value their prescriptions."

"I have learned peace of mind from Franchot," Joan concluded as an assistant director called her to work. "He has taught me to have faith in my own judgment. And, oh yes—he reads aloud to me! All the grandest plays—and 'Alice in Wonderland.' I'd never read it!"

"Maybe you are falling in love, Joan?" "Ah-ha!" she rallied back. "You want the lowdown, don't you? Well, I refer you to Carlyle who said something about love being the embroidery of the imagination upon the stuff of nature!"

Joan may be ambitious, but she is the eternal woman at heart. She couldn't be so exciting if she led an ordinary life.

Lilian's Life Story

Continued from page 20

the Harvey family departed the British Isles and embarked on what was intended to be a glorious holiday on the Continent. Fortune, good or ill, guided them to Germany. Gay, happy, comfortably wealthy, the little family was bent on a vacation that was to have extended over the summer months.

They were in Berlin when the black cloud of war appeared on the horizon, and with a suddenness that was bewildering, the cloud swept across the sky of all Europe. Before the Harveys could realize what was taking place, England and Germany were in a state of war, and all English subjects within German boundaries were forced to remain. No boats were crossing the channel; no foreigners were permitted to cross the border lines.

The five Harveys were suddenly war prisoners in Germany!

"I was too young to understand war," Lilian says. "I only remember hordes of men in grey uniforms with glistening bayonets and steel helmets, parading the

streets of Berlin. The beat of drums, the blare of bugles and the constant thud of marching feet went on endlessly.

"Weeks went by, and weeks turned into months, and months into years—stark, horrible years they must have been, even though I could not quite realize their horror. My parents and other English people were kept in Germany until their fates could be decided. We were not treated as prisoners, but our liberties were curtailed. There was the constant feeling of confinement; of being watched; of every movement being checked and rechecked by government spies and officials."

Lilian was sent to a German school, but schools there were different from her own English educational institutions. In Germany, the boys and the girls attended separate classes. So little Lilie, accustomed to associating with boys, was abruptly forced to mingle only with girls.

Of course, she evaded this strict school edict as often as possible. She often sneaked away from the girls' playgrounds

and joined the boys. Occasionally she was caught, and that called for punishment and reports to her parents.

One day the pupils were instructed to bring to their classes some articles of clothing to be sent to the German Red Cross. Lilian brought knitted sox and a sweater, and she was given a small box into which to pack her presents. The class teacher then went from pupil to pupil, showing each the proper way to pack their articles for shipping.

On the top of Lilian's box was a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm, but to the little English girl, he was unknown. She saw only a man with a great mustache and a beard. Childlike, she also saw room for improvement, so she employed her pencil industriously. When the teacher reached Lilian's desk, the child had given the Kaiser's mustache a ludicrous upward tilt that transformed the dignified Emperor into a Mack Sennett comedian.

The teacher was horrified. Here was treason; an English girl who dared to mar the picture of the Kaiser. Excitedly, she seized the box and hid the retouched picture beneath the folds of her dress, that other pupils might not see the shameful results of Lilian's artistry. Then she led her culprit before the school principal.

Fortunately, that dignitary was wise enough to realize that Lilian was far too young to know what she had done. She talked to her kindly, then sent her back to her classroom. But from that day, Lilian suffered a mortal dread of her teachers.

This fear soon possessed Lilian's physical body. The fire left her eyes; the color left her cheeks. Her health grew gradually worse. Further complicating her condition, food became scarce and everybody was forced to go on strict, and skimpy war rations. The Harvey table lacked even the scantiest delicacy; the daily menu consisted of potatoes and a foodstuff that Lilian now describes as "little more than weeds."

"A few months after the incident at school, my mother realized that my condition was dangerous," Miss Harvey now recalls. "My illness threatened to transform itself into consumption. Mother knew that I would not live if I had to remain in Germany, and she turned heaven and earth to gain permission to send me to another country.

"Even so, she might have failed—for war measures are cruel and heartless—had not she learned of the death of a young German boy who was to have been sent to a health camp in Switzerland. She went to an official, and by pleading and adding a bribe to her pleas, she managed to get me into Switzerland in the place of the dead lad. I crossed the German-Switzerland border disguised as a boy."

Lilian liked Switzerland. She made her home there with an aunt, her mother's sister. Once freed of German restrictions and the fear of German teachers, she bloomed into health again. Soon she was playing just as she had played in her earlier London childhood. As she grew into her 'teens, she learned to ice skate and to ski. She climbed snow-capped mountains, and finally she crowned her glory by scaling the peak of the famous Jungfrau, then the goal of mountain-climbers from every part of the world.

About this period of her life, Lilian developed a yearning to dance. Her aunt, kindly but regarding dancing as a branch of the stage and therefore something to be avoided, would not allow the child to study ballet. So Lilian schemed, and from her scheming she hatched a clever plot.

At school, she began to sit at her desk with slumped shoulders and drawn-in chest. The teachers regarded her closely,

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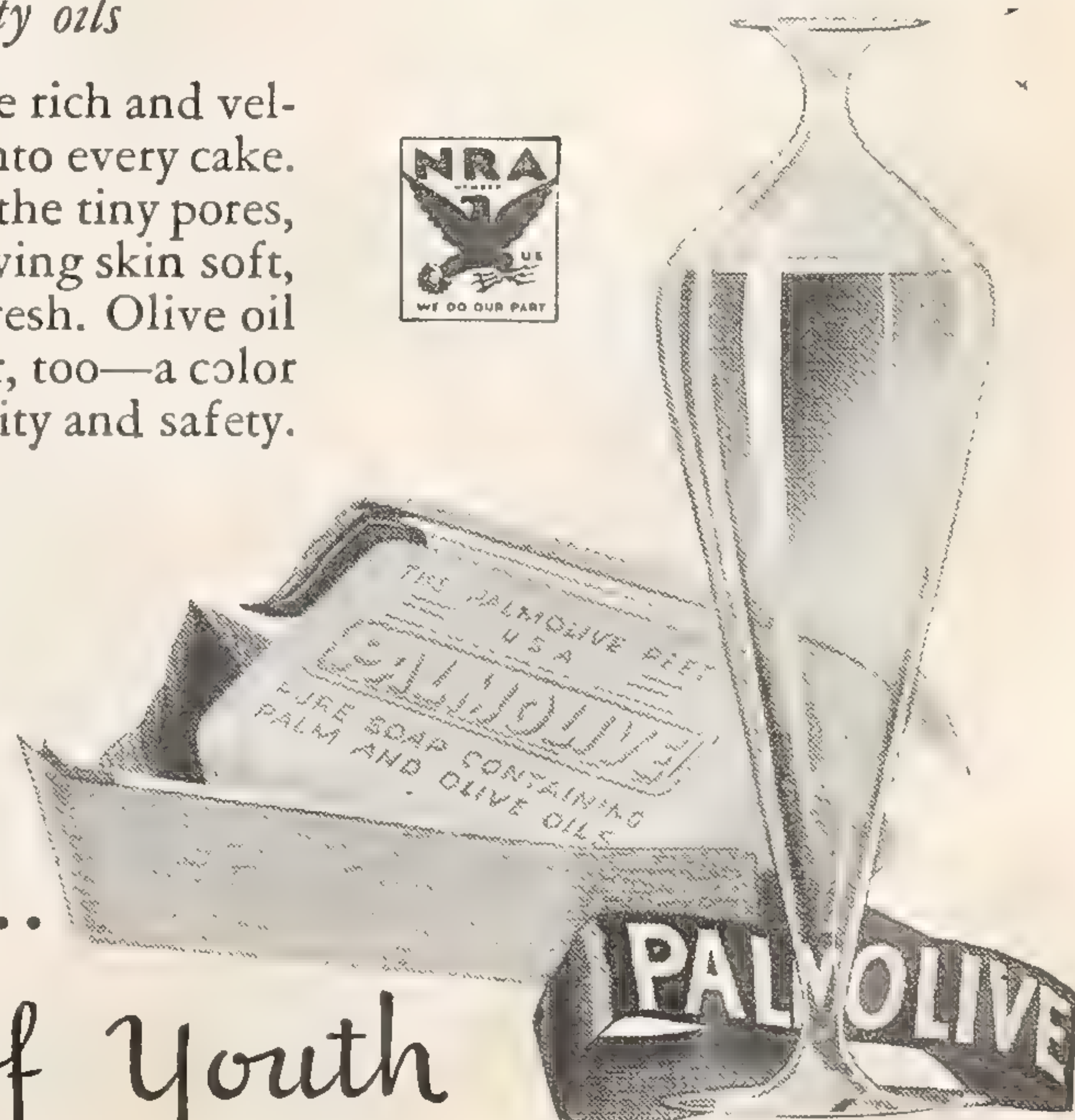
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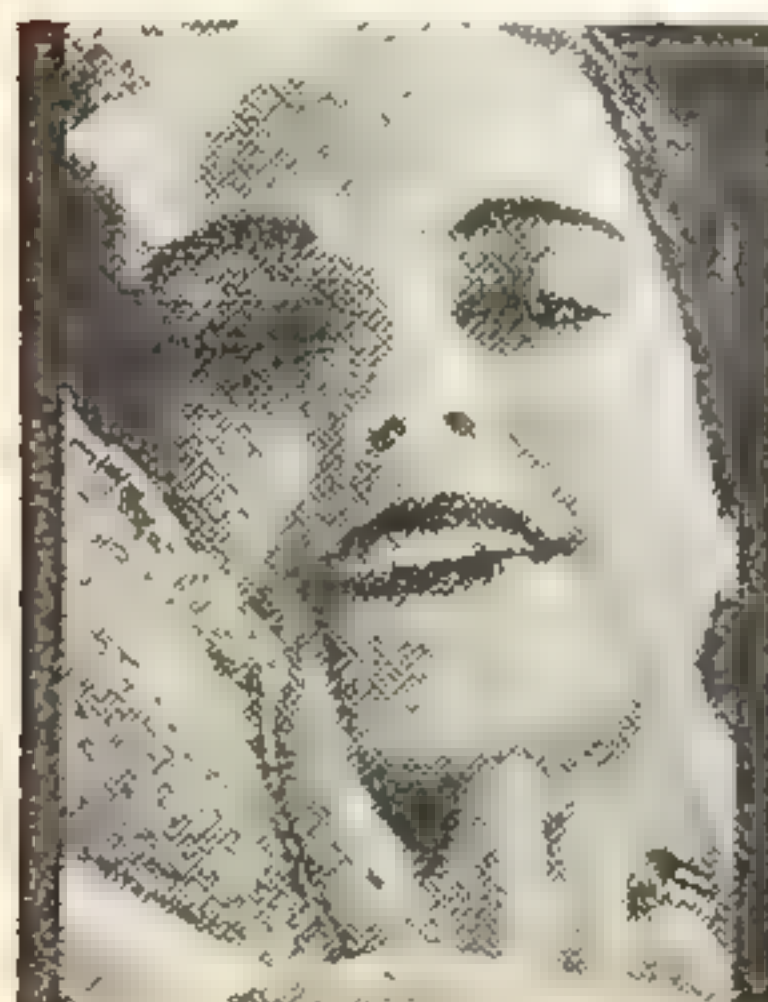
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noted her pitiful smallness, conferred among themselves, and then advised her aunt to permit the child to add gymnastics to her studies. The aunt, frightened into a belief that Lilian's health was none too good, acquiesced. Thus did Miss Harvey undertake gymnastics, which included outdoor and ballet dancing.

After the Armistice, Lilian returned to her mother, who had meanwhile been divorced from her father. Lilian never saw him again. In Berlin, she continued to study dancing under the expert tutelage of Mary Zimmerman of the Berlin Opera House, but still she harbored no plans for a professional career.

"They did not teach dancing with kindness," Lilian says. "I was slapped and bullied into dancing. My childhood dreams evaporated; instead of being play, I found the study of dancing was toilsome, heart-breaking work.

"Pupils were seldom praised for their efforts. I would end a hard day's practice with, 'There. I achieved much today.' My teacher would retort, 'You are terrible! Be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning for more practice. You'll never be good, my child.'

"But Mary Zimmerman was kind to me. She taught me so much, and now I am enormously grateful for those back-breaking days."

Miss Harvey's first public appearance as a dancer occurred in Berlin, when she interpreted at the Berlin Opera House, the music of *Klingworth-Scharwenkasaal*. The following day she received an amazing ovation from public and press, and for the first time ambition budded in her heart and mind.

She approached her mother with a plan to become a professional dancer, but Mrs. Harvey firmly retorted that no daughter of hers should ever go on the stage, thus proving that what has heretofore been regarded as a good old American custom is really world-wide.

Lilian immediately ran away from home. On advice of Mary Zimmerman, she fled to Vienna. In that city she joined a ballet chorus, and almost at once she made her debut at the Ronacher Theatre. It was here that an accident occurred which eventually lifted her out of the theatre and deposited her bodily in a motion picture studio.

"We were performing before a distinguished audience one evening," Lilian harkens back over the years, "and I was excited. During the midst of a dance, I stumbled from the stage and fell into the orchestra pit. Luckily for my bones, I landed with a resounding boom—not written into the musical score—on the bass drum.

"It happened so quickly! One instant I was dancing on the stage; the next second I was half-buried inside the great drum, my head, arms, and legs protruding ridiculously into the air. I was so astonished that at the moment I was not ashamed, though later I cried at length over my failure."

But Lilian's tumble was also her good fortune. As she sat—or lay, or whatever her position may be termed—in the bass drum, her pert face and ludicrous expression so amused Robert Land, a motion picture director seated in the front row, that he at once conceived the idea of embodying the incident in a screen story. Furthermore, he decided that the little chorus girl should fulfill on the screen the rôle she accidentally played in real life.

Lilian was sixteen years of age at the time she appeared in her first motion picture, "The Curse." The title fitted the picture, which was so bad that Lilian's career almost ended as abruptly as it had

begun. However, studio officials decided that she showed promise, so they gave her a new opportunity in a production titled "The Wild Lola."

That motion picture proved to be another turning point in her life. She was an instantaneous success. Her fame spread to England, and she was invited to visit London and make a personal appearance with the presentation of her picture. She met the Prince of Wales, and was consequently feted in the very same Alexandra Palace that once she dreamed about from a treetop on a nearby hill.

Miss Harvey remained in England long enough to make a single picture, "One



Ruby Keeler, leading song-and-dance star in "Footlight Parade," shows you her idea of how a little white kitten would do a tap-dance.

Night in London," and again her brilliant personality and indisputable talent sparkled from the celluloid like the Evening Star in an inky-blue sky. She became the toast of all Europe overnight. Thus it would appear that movie fame happens as suddenly and completely in Europe as it does in America, for certainly no Hollywood Cinderella-story surpasses Lilian's quick transition from the near-consumptive girl who fled war-bound Germany, only to return a few years later to be entertained and honored by royalty.

It seems strange, perhaps, that in her biography to date, there is no hint of romance. There can be no mention where there was no romance. Lilian liked masculine companionship. She enjoyed the games and sports of masculine companions. But no thought of romance entered her mind. She worked long hours, and she was still only seventeen years of age when she returned to Germany.

Then, too, play life is much stricter in Germany than in America. There is little social life, Lilian says, for the younger people. Open houses, where friends may drop in unannounced, are a popular form of entertaining in Hollywood and other cities of the United States, but are almost unheard-of in Europe. Over there, friends do drop in, but they never fail to telephone in advance to make certain that their presence is desired.

Not until she returned in triumph to Berlin did Miss Harvey meet a man whom she regarded as anything more than a friend.

That was when Willie Fritsch came into her life.

Fritsch is a German stage and screen star, and he ranks among his country's most popular entertainers. He has never come to America, Miss Harvey says, because until recently he has not troubled to master the English language.

"He talks broken English, like Maurice Chevalier," laughs Lilian, "but Wilhelm is much worse than Maurice."

Soon after she met Fritsch, Miss Harvey changed his name. She does not like Willie, which happens to be his christened name, so she changed that to Wilhelm, because Fritsch's birth date is the same as the Kaiser Wilhelm's—not the same year, of course, but the same day and month. Now, she says, people believe Fritsch's real name is Wilhelm, and that Willie is only a nickname.

In Berlin, Lilian signed a contract with Germany's most important film company, Ufa. Then, for the first time, she was given her own dressing room.

"It seemed like a palace," she says. "I had my own bathroom. I had my own hairdresser. I had my own wardrobe girl. My own maid. My own shoemaker. Sometimes I even had *my own way!* But that was not often. In Germany, directors are the bosses. In Hollywood, stars are often more important than their directors. That is not true in Germany; there the director's word is law."

She rented a house in Berlin. It was the first home, except for the houses she occupied as a child with her parents, that Lilian had ever possessed, and she was completely happy. Why not? She had her work, she had success—and she had her first love, Willie—pardon, *Wilhelm* Fritsch.

Crowning her happiness, her motion picture vehicles were successful from the very first. "Crazy Mazie," "The Girl in the Taxi," "Congress Dances," "The Fair Dream," "The Love Waltz"—one after another her starring pictures swept Europe. Several of them invaded even America!

Miss Harvey made every motion picture in three languages—German, French, and English. Her versatility with languages simplified production problems for her studio. There were always three complete casts, with one rôle in each left open for herself, on every set. Scenes were first made with the German cast. Then Miss Harvey played the same scenes with the French cast. Finally, she went through the exact routines with an English cast.

Naturally, the work was gruelling, for actually she was constantly starring in three pictures simultaneously. Her hours were long; often she worked from seven o'clock in the morning until far past midnight. Still, she rarely complained, for in addition to ambition, she possesses a tremendous supply of nervous energy; she can work amazingly long hours without showing signs of weariness.

Her second return to London proved to be the most glorious few weeks of her life. On her first tour after her Vienna tour, "The Wild Love"—she

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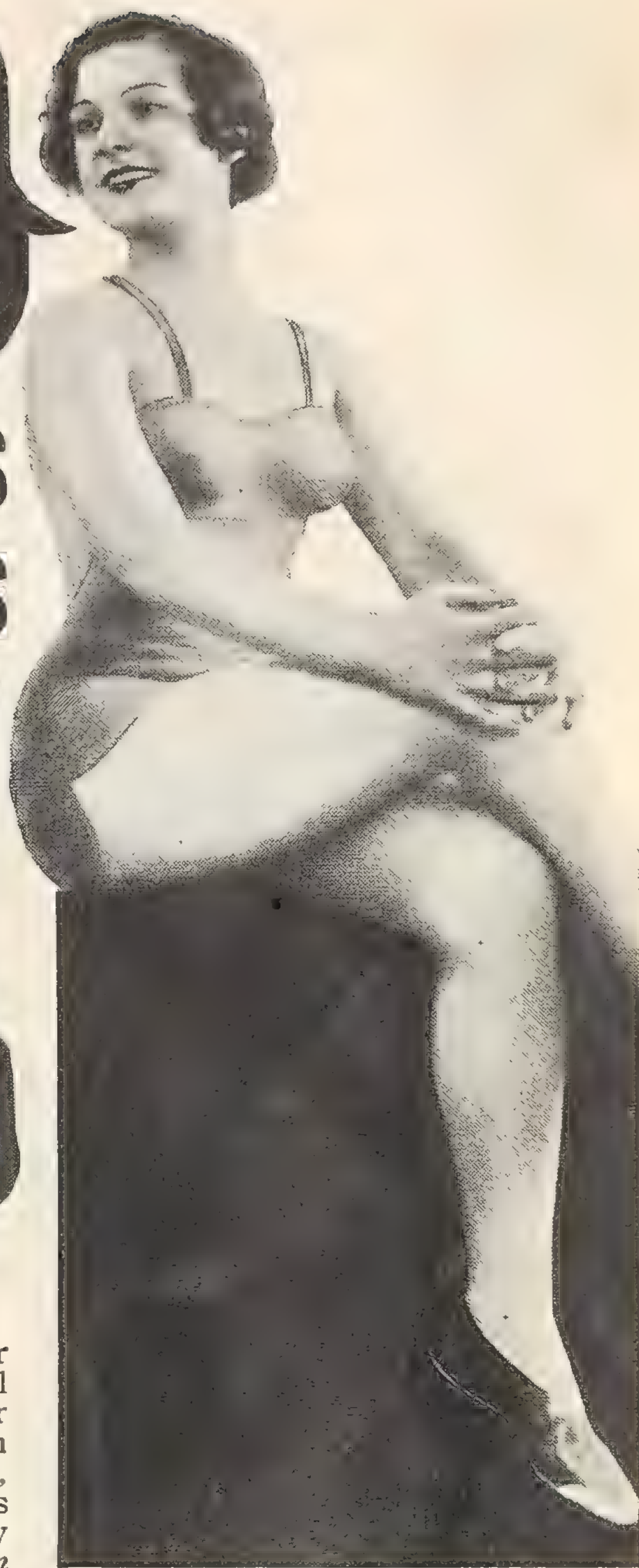
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her fame at that time did not approach the glory that was hers following the long series of Ufa successes. Her pictures were leading those of all other stars at the box-office. In the most sweeping popularity contest held in Europe, her votes totaled more than five-to-one over her nearest competitor.

No American star was ever given a more spectacular homecoming than was accorded Miss Harvey on the occasion of her second visit home. Banners hung from theatres and stores. Parades were arranged in her honor. Royalty, society, theatredom greeted her and feted her. Newspapers and magazines blazed with headlines and highly painted adjectives. Homecoming-week was holiday-week in London, and at the head of every procession rode a demure, tiny, blonde girl with shining, tear-dimmed eyes—an awed, happy, half-frightened Lilian Harvey whose heart was so full that she dared not talk lest she burst into sobs.

"And can you guess what I did as soon as I was able to steal away from the crowds?" Lilian confides. "I went back to my old neighborhood, where as a little girl I had walked fences and shinned up trees. I've never told this before, but I climbed to the top of the very tree in which I had spent so many happy hours when I was a child.

"I remained in that tree for a long, long time, and once again I peered over the wall into Alexandra Palace, but this time I knew that I could walk right into

those handsome courts, and that I would be recognized and welcomed. At last I clambered down, and I managed to tear a very lovely gown before I reached the ground. I didn't mind the dress; I would not have cared if I had ruined a dozen gowns. That secret trip to the treetop was worth much to me."

Soon after her return to the Ufa studios in Berlin, Lilian was offered a contract to go to Hollywood and star in pictures for the Fox Film Company. She thought that she owed first allegiance to Ufa, therefore she took the proffered contract to that company's executives and placed it before them.

"Here is an American offer," she said. "I want to go to Hollywood, but if you meet these American terms, I will remain here with you."

Then she departed, leaving the executives to decide what they could do. A few hours later, Miss Harvey was enacting scenes before a camera when she heard a newspaper boy crying:

"LILIAN HARVEY SIGNS TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD."

Until she purchased a newspaper and read that Ufa executives had failed to meet the American terms, and that her agents had signed the Hollywood contract, Lilian was not aware that she would ever leave Germany.

Next month Lilian tells of her Hollywood experiences in the second instalment of her colorful life story, exclusive to SCREENLAND.



Trouble's brewing! And here's a striking studio picture showing how it's brewed, in Paul Muni's forthcoming picture, "The World Changes." Beyond the tangle of studio equipment, you can see Muni being menaced by Douglas Dumbrill, while director Mervyn LeRoy watches. Note the elaborate set of a Kansas City saloon-hotel.

Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

Bee S. In "Walls of Gold" from the Kathleen Norris story, you will see another new face and a handsome one at that—Hal Boyer, who plays with Sally Eilers and Norman Foster. Hal was born in Neuss, on the Rhine. He is 23 years old, is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 188 pounds and has curly brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He came to America with his parents at the age of 10 years, learned to speak English, finished his education at Northwestern University in 1932, played on the Illinois A. C. water polo team and went to the coast to try for the Olympic games last summer and stayed to play with the Pasadena Community Players, and now for a try-out on the screen.

U-Sed-It. With a name like that, you should go far. Another screen find has been discovered! John Beal, who played with Helen Hayes in "Another Language." He is from the stage and will be a very welcome addition to your list of screen favorites. The beloved Louise Closser Hale, as *Mom*, made her final screen appearance in that film. Frankie Darro, who played with James Cagney in "The Mayor of Hell," is the same Frankie who played with Tom Tyler in so many Western pictures. Clever lad.

Hepburn Fan. Katharine is winning new laurels with each new screen rôle. She plays with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Morning Glory" and also in the movie "Little Women." Katharine is *Jo Marsh* and her "sisters" are Joan Bennett, Jean Parker, and Frances Dee. And now the greatest news of the year about Greta Garbo and her new leading man! None other than John Gilbert. Do you remember when they starred together in "Flesh and the Devil"?

Luella M. I have some good news for you about Alice White. She is scheduled to play in two Universal pictures, "Kid Gloves" and "Good Red Bricks." Alice was born on July 25, 1907, in Paterson, N. J. Myrna Loy is 28 and Claudette Colbert is 26. Claudette was born in Paris, France. She has very dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her latest release is "Torch Singer," with Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Lyda Roberti, Florence Roberts, and Baby LeRoy. Claudette's next will be "Four Frightened People," directed by Cecil DeMille.

Merry Maid. This department would not be complete without loads of praise for Joan Crawford. In her next picture, "Dancing Lady," she will have in her cast Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Ted Healey, Winnie Lightner, Florine McKinney, Arthur Jarrett, and Fred Astaire, famous for his dancing in stage productions. Will Rogers has been married to Betty Rogers, his first and only wife, for 25 years. Their pretty 18-year-old daughter Mary played a rôle in "My Weakness" under the screen name of "Mary Howard."

Lily Christine. So you'd like a picture of Eric Linden in every issue of SCREENLAND. Look out now! We may have one any minute. Eric was born in New York City on July 12, 1911. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. He began picture work in 1931. His first picture was "The Past of Mary. Home-ings," and "Flying Devils."

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Mae West tells How to "Get Your Man"

Continued from page 33

entrance in her suitably imposing car.

Mr. Timmony, her manager and reception committee, was standing on the curb to facilitate our meeting. He suggested I go for a spin with Mae. Would I wish to take a ride with Miss West? (Silly question. My feet barely touched the running-board!)

The suppressed desire that she might order James-at-the-wheel to rush us up to her apartment so I could glimpse her "summer stuff" died prematurely as she instructed him to drive just hither and yon. Which he did at break-neck speed, to my disgust. With Mae—I've no use for fancy drivin', like to see a chauffeur motor in low.

Anyway, even if I didn't get my fortune told, I learned about love. (Theoretically.)

She doesn't agree with the Victorians. Dickens, for instance, wrote, "Real love is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter."

In Mae's taunting eyes there was an unmistakable twinkle.

"That's swell, ideal!" she proclaimed. "But until it applies equally to men it's a losin' proposition. Remember the drab, unappreciated lives those women led? Whew! Clinging vines. And it wasn't long until they were patted on the head and shuffled off to grind out their days in drudgery."

"It was a man's world then and the boys were smart enough to let the gals do the submission and devotion act. Those days are gone forever!"

Jumping from one extreme to another, Mae declines to endorse a contemporary author and sage. When quizzed, Peggy Hopkins Joyce—who hasn't done badly—told me that women should be sensible and admit they cannot attract any man.

To which Mae replies, "Bunk! You gotta be smart, clever. Your details depend on the personality of the man you're after. No one is too high to reach for. But to claim you can't succeed every time is absurd. Why, there are a million ways to make a man. It's a great study and requires skill." Take that rebuff, Peggy!

She paid no attention to the speed with which we were effecting a Cook's Tour of the town. Nor to the town. Mae was happily launched on her infallible design for loving.

"Be Available. The very first thing you gotta do is to promote yourself into his company. Get a job that'll have something to do with his. Or arrange so's you'll meet him regularly. Without his suspecting your plans, nat'rally."

"He may be dreaming of a fairy princess or mooning over a fiancée. In the meantime, little you are there and familiarity breeds attempt. You may have to alter your whole life. Your type, your clothes, your mannerisms—they'll be determined by the man. But you can't do a thing 'till you're on the ground."

"Be Self-Sufficient. In my pictures I do plenty of propositioning, but you'll notice I lead 'em on and then halt. I let the man I love conclude that I can be had, and then I lay off. I am bored with his enthusiasm. That fetches 'em!"

"I don't put much faith in the giving-all philosophy. A lover enjoys doing nice deeds. Better than havin' you be sweet to him. He wants you to break down and

moan that you can't live without him, that he's your one mad moment. Well, do—once. And the next day give him the freeze. Chase him, yet don't ever get caught at it!

"Be Beautiful. Men often marry homely women. When you gotta love—you gotta love. Sex-appeal is more than mere beauty. Nevertheless, pretty looks are your major investment."

"Take stock. Is your skin the kind they gotta touch? Your hair a crowning glory? Your make-up the most flattering sort? If not it's your own fault, and funeral. Acquired glamor is as good as being born with beauty. If you have to deliberately



Yoo-hoo, Max! If your ring rivals could only see you now! Max Baer, famous heavyweight, makes up for his rôle in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

develop charm in your face and figure, you'll watch yourself closer, miss no opportunities.

"Be Elemental. Pretense is a pain in the neck to anybody. And you're wise if you recognize the fact that you can't fool all the men all the time. Someday you'll slip up on your stunt—if you go puttin' on an act—and then you'll lose the interest you've cultivated."

"Don't be afraid to be natural. Be naturally easy on the eyes and ears. Improvement's right. If it's un-natural for you to be poor, do something about it. Make your way up in the world! But don't bother with elegant poses or far-fetched accents. They scare men away. I give 'em that intimate, elemental attitude and it never misses."

"Be Entertaining. Your boy friend's chief reason for sharin' his time with you is that he wants to be amused—put in a happy frame of mind. Melancholy dames are okay in the movies, where the photography gives 'em the mysterious glamor. In real life they'd be flops."

"Every girl should be a swell dancer. That's not hard. She ought to be able to converse. Oh, Oh, yeh, I talk a lot. It keeps up the suspense, you know!"

"Cards? Well, if you're reduced to playin' contract, I suppose you should be fresh on the rules. But me, I find so much better ways of bein' entertainin' I never play bridge."

"Let 'em figure out that you're too smart to be given a runaround, and then try

the old listening gag. Many's the evening I've wanted to cry, 'Oh, shut up!' I listened, and they thought I was brilliant!

"Be Feminine. Marlene Dietrich is my favorite actress. Not because she wears pants, though. In spite of 'em. I notice she climbs out of 'em when she vamps on the screen. Dress as womanly as possible. Accentuate your curves. Let your gowns insinuate that every little corner has a meanin' all its own!

"Don't drink or smoke. I don't do either, and I've yet to be accused of being a bum sport. A man loves a girl who is different. So when the others holler for cocktails and cigarettes, be unusual. Be feminine. And that doesn't mean naïve. Just the reverse. It's a perfect excuse to be beguiling.

"Be Sophisticated. Life is short and men don't care to stop and explain everything. Some things, yes. You can judge which. Generally they want you to be informed. Observe, read. Study folks so you'll handle any situation, fit into any crowd.

"My definition of a sophisticate is a person who knows which way the wind is blowing and why. You should be startling, self-possessed, tactful, intelligent. Bright enough to conceal your brains!

"Be Popular. As soon as you've given in and admitted you love a man, he wants you to be his 'little woman.' My advice is—don't! He admired you 'cause you were hard-to-get. He didn't rush the wallflowers, did he? Be the life of the parties. It's no joke; it's an asset.

"Competition peps up a lover. The more you are in demand—well, the more you are in demand! If you're exercisin' your discretion you won't burn your bridges behind you. Keep your friends. When love cools you won't be high and dry. Be prepared for the worst—it's sure to happen eventually."

Which brings us to the rule Mae never, never relaxes. It is:

"Be Uncertain. This is tough when you're palpitatin'. However, it's your insurance against becoming a bore. Let there be doubt as to your constancy. 'Love you? You bet I do, honey!' And right in the same breath sigh, and look over his head in a preoccupied manner.

"You try to learn every single thing your lover has done, don't you? His past, present and future intentions? Discovering 'em is the essence of love. When you have him down pat, you glance elsewhere. It applies both ways!"

Digest that and proceed to her Tenth Commandment, last but not least in her decalogue:

"Be Selfish. Love is transient. When he's gone it's over. So be thinking of yourself, your health, your wealth and what's ahead. Darwin was right. The strongest dominate in life—and in love, too.

"The one who gains the upper hand is happiest. Be master and assert that you'll be dating a couple of other fellows if not handled like glass. You will be! Ask, and you'll be astounded at what you'll receive. Let it be understood that you must be treated with the greatest respect. Say 'or else.' And you'll never be the one who's left blue and broken-hearted."

As we whirled back to the front door at Paramount and stopped with a flourish which caused a big commotion, Mae added as an afterthought that she disagrees with Ina Claire's assertion that a vamp can't have a sense of humor.

"There are embarrassing moments that you gotta gloss over with a laugh!" she said. "Men like sex, but they like fun with it. Experience"—summarized Mae, who has class with a capital K—"is a gal's teacher. Some of us have a flair for it."

REDUCE EXCESS FAT

with the prescription of a
Specialist on weight control



RISKING HEALTH with drastic diets and exhausting exercises is no longer necessary

REDUCE as your doctor would advise you—with the proven, safe prescription of a prominent American authority on weight control.

Take Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets and follow the method explained in each package and you will definitely see the pounds vanish.

You will feel better, look better and be better. You will realize why fashionable and famous patients have built a reputation for Dr. McCaskey that makes him an acknowledged authority on weight control.

Here is a case report of one of Dr. McCaskey's patients that is a matter of record:

	Before Using	After Using	Net Reduction
Upper Arm.....	15 1/4 inches	13 inches	2 1/4 inches
Lower Arm.....	11 1/2 inches	10 inches	1 1/2 inches
Thigh.....	27 1/2 inches	23 inches	4 1/2 inches
Calf of Leg.....	16 1/2 inches	13 inches	3 1/2 inches
Ankle.....	9 1/2 inches	9 inches	1/2 inch
Hips.....	46 1/2 inches	37 inches	9 1/2 inches
Waist.....	38 1/2 inches	23 inches	15 1/2 inches
Bust.....	38 inches	32 inches	6 inches
Neck.....	15 inches	13 inches	2 inches

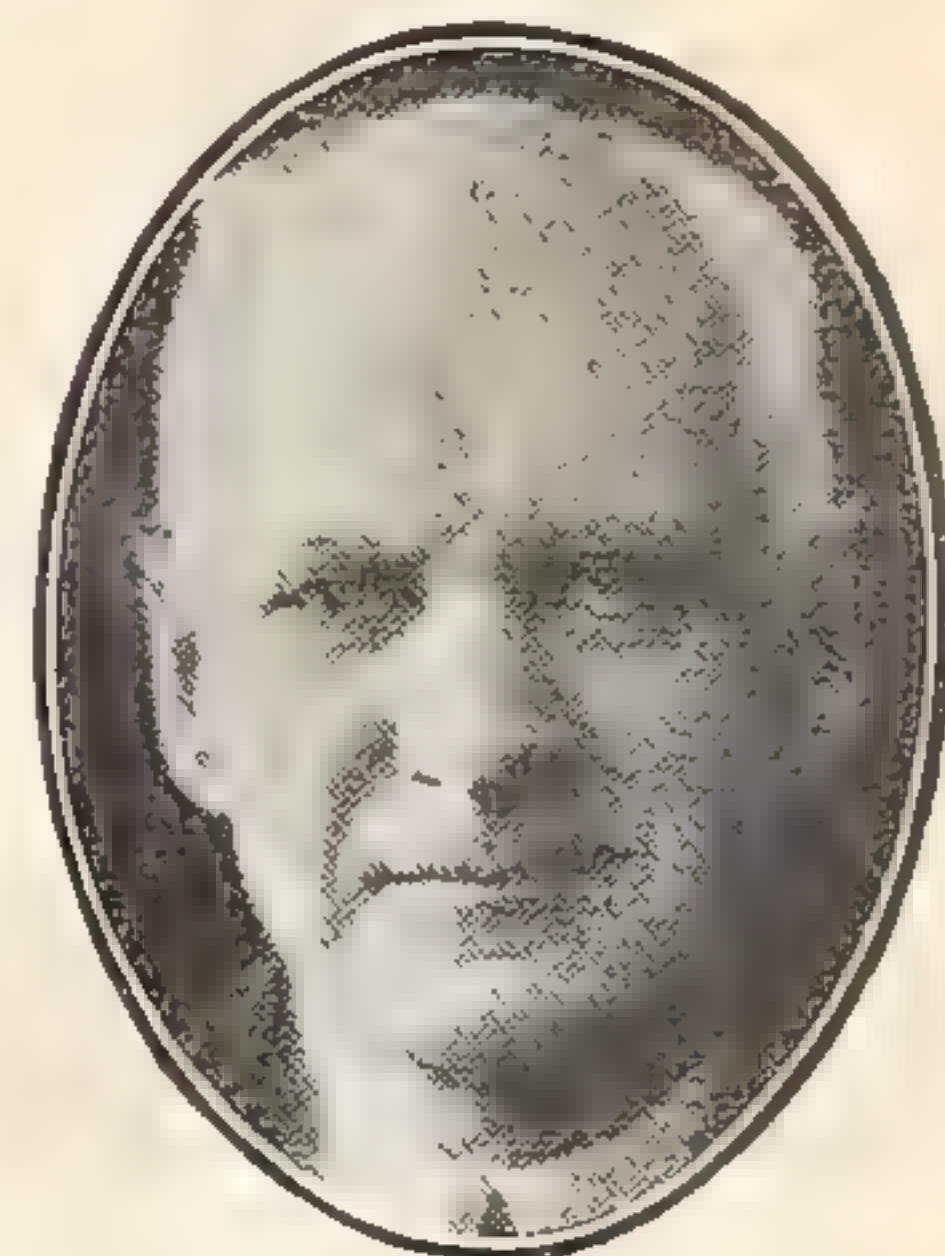
When you start your treatment we urge you to make a complete set of measurements of yourself. Write the figures down. Then, as your condition improves, watch your measurements grow smaller.

Soon you will understand why we tell you that Dr. McCaskey's prescription not only makes you feel better, but also makes you look better. Think how much happier you will be wearing the size clothes that you really ought to be wearing.

Dr. McCaskey's prescription is mildly purgative—it contains no thyroid, no harmful drugs. No drastic diets are necessary, no exercises, nothing that interferes with your regular habits or comfort.

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The regular price of Dr. McCaskey's Prescription Tablets is \$1.00 per package. If you use the coupon we will send you three full-size packages. Send no money. Merely pay the postman \$2.50 and a few cents postage. Your money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.



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Recognized authority on weight control. His fine thirty year record as a physician brought him such honors as Membership in the Medical Society of the County of New York and an Officer's Commission in the Medical Corps of the Army. He is a licensed physician and surgeon in both New York and Pennsylvania. He has lectured and written on weight control for medical journals and magazines of general circulation.

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ADDRESS.....

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Now Men Adore Her Milky-White Skin



ONLY LAST WEEK
MUDDY SKIN MADE
HER HOMELY!

SHE has the loveliest face! Once muddy skin, freckles and blemishes made her actually homely, until she learned of a delicate, dainty white cream, called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. This new discovery brought out the hidden natural whiteness of her skin in three days! And now, in only ten minutes a week, this same cream keeps her skin always dazzling white.

No more redness, sallowness or freckles; blackheads and blemishes never bother her. Try a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme yourself—at any drug store or department store toilet counter.

Enlarge Your Chest-Line

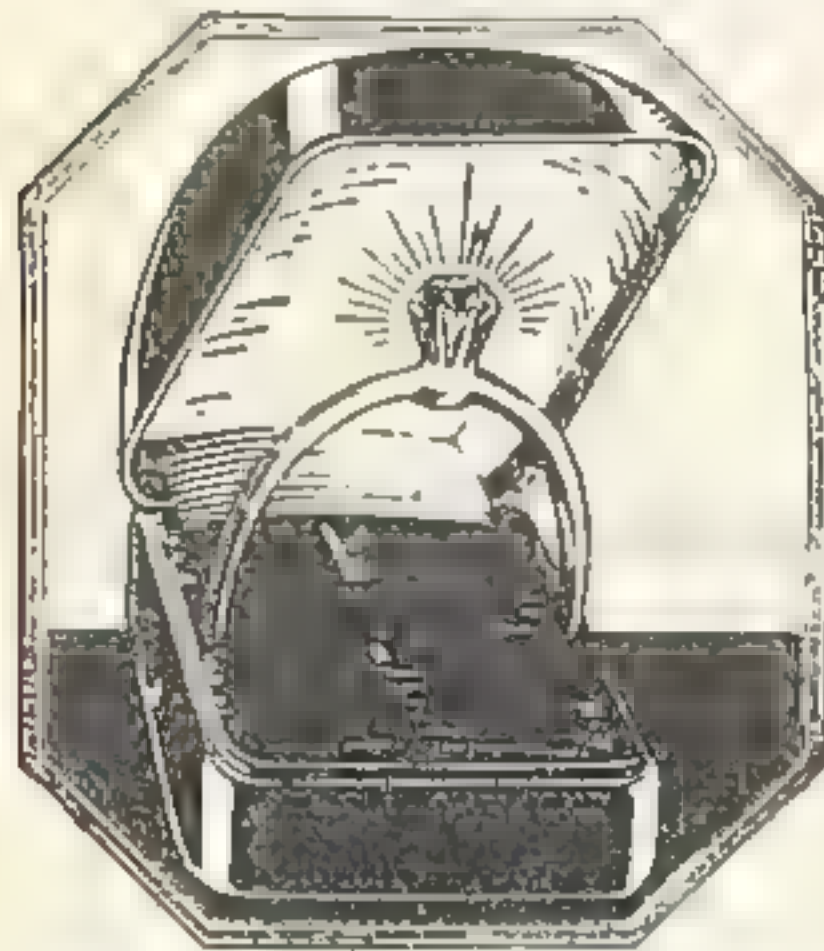
Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, rounded CURVES, now all the Vogue.

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Try my easy, home treatment for adding firm, rounded tissue.

FREE!

Write today for my easy instructions and container of CreamO—free. Merely send name, address and 10¢ forwarding charges. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

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To introduce our rainbow flash MEXICAN ORIZABA ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send free a 1 Kt. Spanish im. Diamond Ring (looks like \$150 stone), for this ad and 15¢ to help pay adv. and handling expense. MEXICAN ORIZABA GEM IMPORT CO., 329 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. (2 for 25¢). Agents wanted.

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My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6¢ in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a \$2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations. D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 29P, Providence, R. I.

REMOVE FAT



From any part you wish reduced. No Equipment necessary—Your money back if you are not satisfied. **A SAFE SURE WAY** JOAN HALL AND METHOD quickly and safely reduces double chins, arms, bust, hips, legs, and other parts of body. Large Jar Now Only 60¢ Two Jars NOTHING MORE TO BUY 60¢ For \$1

JOAN HALL, Dept. S1, 1851 Washington Ave., New York City. Please send Joan Hall Cream and Method at reduced price. I will pay postman 60¢ plus few cents postage. My money will be refunded if not pleased.

Name.....
Address.....

Perfume—Essence of Loveliness

Continued from page 60

One of the most important things about perfume is the way you apply it. When you dab perfume on yourself, straight from the bottle, its loveliness is dissipated. Its fragrance rises in spots. It is too strong around the place where it has been applied; too weak when "caught" from another angle. The ideal thing is to first apply a bit of perfume with your fingers—to your ears, to your eyebrows, under your nose, in the hollows of your neck, on the insides of your wrists. Then use an atomizer to spread the perfume lightly on your furs, on your handkerchief, on the inside of your hat. Oh yes, and don't forget to keep your nicest lingerie sprayed with perfume, as it lies in your dresser drawer. Then when you put it on, the perfume will be delicately suffused throughout the garment. Here's another point about using an atomizer. Always hold it some little distance away from you, so you won't drench yourself with a heavy stream of the perfume. The finely diffused rays of fragrance are much more subtle, and just as effective.

As a general rule, most perfumes are better when used directly on the skin, although this varies somewhat with different types of perfumes. The flower odors, particularly, are more lovely when dabbed lightly on the skin. Other odors, such as the musks and the heavy oriental types, seem to have a closer affinity with furs.

When, as a finishing gesture, you spray your perfume lightly over every costume, also have a thought for the type of fabric you're spraying it on. The chemical character of some fabrics spoils the perfume. You needn't worry about most silks or chiffons—but certain dark woollens

and flannels, etc., have an unfriendly reaction to perfumes. The girl behind the perfume counter will usually be able to tell you what perfume goes with what best!

It is much smarter to use perfume in your clothes, rather than on them—in your lingerie, as I have already told you, and on the inside of your hat. You may also saturate small pieces of cotton with perfume and sew them in the hem of your skirt, or in your girdle, or in the inside of your handbag. These provide an entrancing aura of perfume all about your person.

If somebody gives you a lovely large bottle of perfume for Christmas, transfer the perfume in small amounts to your atomizer or dressingtable bottles, to protect it from evaporation and deterioration. Or, if you're buying it yourself, buy it in small bottles and buy it more often. This has other advantages too. If you feel like changing your perfume—and when you feel that way, by all means do, because it's good for what ails you—you don't have to hesitate because of fearing to waste a lot.

There are so many marvelous perfumes in the market that it's a problem to know what to buy. All I can say to you is, keep trying them, one after another, until you find the perfumes that really inspire you every time you put them on. You know, I have often thought how thrilling it would be to deal in perfumes, because as someone once wrote, "To trade in perfumes is to belong to romance!"

Oh dear, there I go, quoting poetry as I said I wouldn't do! But at least I caught myself, before I got very far.

Miracle Mary

Continued from page 51

it is a historic remedy that has always made monkeys—and worse—of learned professors and of mystical water-springs.

Mary's recipe for abounding youth is just a strong and abiding love of her life's labors, an unrelenting torrent of nervous and emotional energy that never lets her rest.

Yes, my friends. The little old lady is a pretty tornado that makes the late Caribbean hurricane look like a gentle zephyr. The little blonde twister of Hollywood, the perpetual motion machine of the movies.

I ask you to behold her contemporaries. The other three members of the Big Four who made motion picture history!

Douglas Fairbanks, fed to the teeth with films, roams the wide earth, playing where he will, swinging from tree to tree. Chaplin lives on his millions, trots about with pretty young girls, (the old rascal), makes a masterpiece every two or three years. David Wark Griffith, the Old Master Director, slips into the shadows of memory.

But Mary Pickford storms along, her eyes snapping, her mind alert, her heart full of love for life and for her business!

When I saw her she was winding up a frantic week in New York.

She had slaved over the possibilities of two plays she wanted to do on Broadway. She had conferred endlessly with lawyers,

authors, managers, agents and dressmakers, and had even found time for a few friends.

And then, darned if the little woman hadn't charged into the hat market, that den of raging lions, and had bought scores of chapeaux for a shop run by a girl cousin in California! She had charmed the entire wholesale district, and had bought the hats with the cunning of an expert and the wisdom of the serpent. Oh Lord, what a woman!

And so, we sat and talked, Pickford and I.

What sort of a part does she want now, on stage and screen?

"I want to play a girl who is modern, intelligent enough, and neither fluffy nor bad," she said.

"And I'll always want to play a character who will make an audience, no matter how miserable it is, feel that it's better off than I am."

This is the smart show-woman talking! This pretty creature has only been at the business twenty-four years!

"That's Chaplin's secret, of course. And I like to play a girl who can make the customers say 'Look—she's having a terrible time. Yet she is able to smile. Why can't I?'"

Oh canny Pickford! You have played these parts for years—little golden-haired



A little uncertainty seems to prevail as to the proper garb for this little family party on the Universal lot. Here are John Boles, Eddie McKenna, Helen Twelvetrees, Frank Albertson, and Chester Morris. Boles is currently starring in "Only Yesterday"; the others are in "Kid Gloves."

girls with torn stockings who smiled in spite of drunken papas, dead mammas, and even broken legs!

The talk veered. New York was agog, at the time, with Katharine Hepburn, hung with new laurels for her beautiful work in "Morning Glory."

"A remarkable girl," said Mary to me. "I predict a brilliant future for her. It seems to me that her possibilities are unlimited!"

What a tribute from a queen to a rising princess of the blood royal! And Pickford meant it with all her heart. She loves youth in the theatre and the films—you and I will never know how many youngsters she has helped toward greatness.

And as we sat there, above the Park, and Mary talked, my mind could not help returning over the long pathway of the years she has followed so faithfully.

"The Little Biograph Girl," with her golden curls and the sweet smile, the most famous and beloved of the silent pictures—so on and so on, as reign! As any child. A figure, before ever

She was "America's Sweetheart" then, my fellow ancients!

And what is she now, in 1933?

Mary Pickford has made many grievous errors, down the years. Mistakes of the head and of the heart. She wore rags, and shook her long golden curls, until she was past thirty—mortally afraid to desert the "beloved ragamuffin" sort of tripe that had brought her glory, love, and millions. There were times when she was accused of flagrant snobbishness and high-hattery. Many and varied have been the haymakers delivered at that lovely golden head. Many of them were not undeserved.

And what has come out of all these kisses and bludgeonings of Fate? I believe, a noble and a high-hearted "America's Sweetheart!" What a lollipop! A press-agent's lollipop that soon gave the public a national tummy-ache! But today Mary Pickford, and for-forgotten and forgotten, is a fine, dignified woman. Every golden curl for wisdom, poise, dignity, and a sense of human values.

Who can help but admire her? She has carried herself since it was absolutely necessary to announce her



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beautiful bodies

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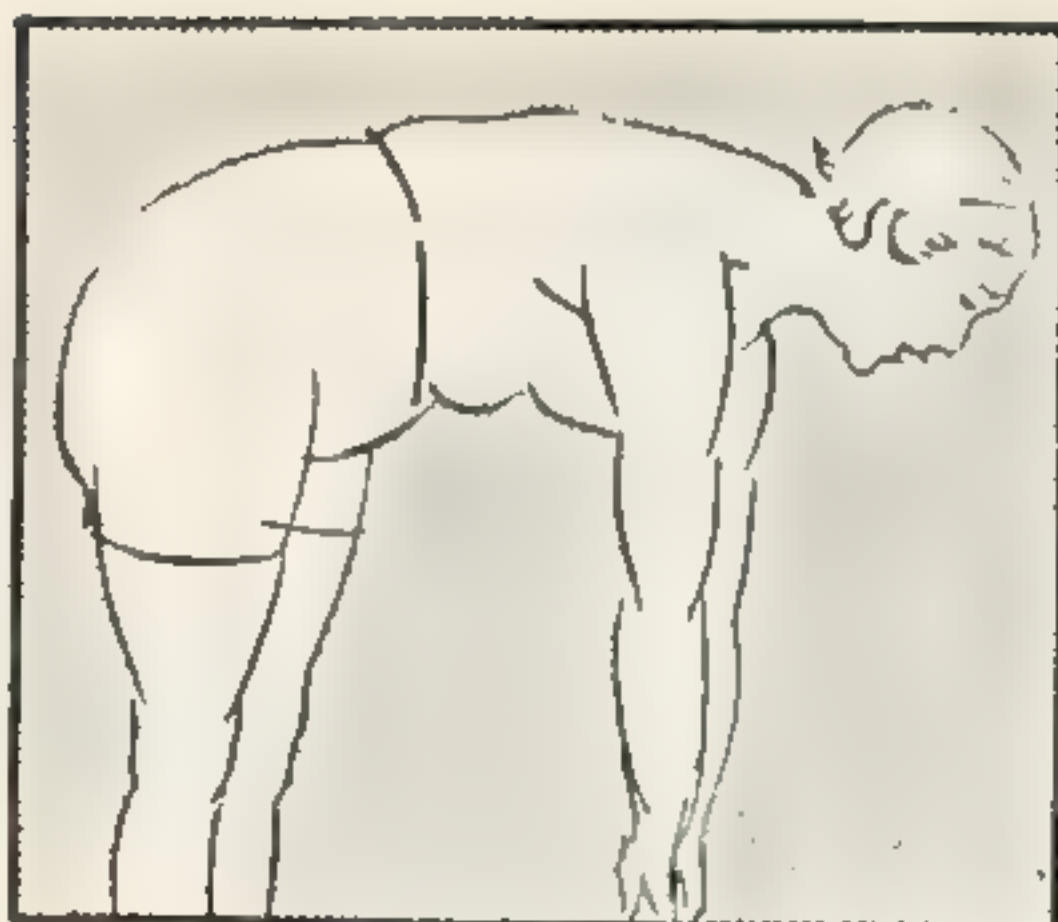
These days when backs have come out into the open, and sports clothes and bathing costumes are more brief than ever, body-beauty is as important as face-beauty.

That explains the rapid pace at which Bathasweet has been growing in vogue; for Bathasweet not only makes the bath a perfumed luxury that is a delight to the senses, but it is a veritable beauty treatment as well. It gives the water a unique softness which increases its cleansing power and washes out the pores quite differently than when only soap and water are used. Impurities are dissolved and stay dissolved, as evidenced by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub. This greater cleanliness means added beauty and vigor for the skin. Imperfections disappear. And in their stead comes that healthy, glowing smoothness which is the very height of alluring loveliness.

In addition, the greater cleanliness which results from Bathasweet keeps you dainty much longer—with that indefinable aura about you of a recent tubbing. It does not cover up body odors; it removes their cause. Do not



AFTER
MONTHS
OF
HOPELESS
STRUGGLE
AGAINST
UNLOVELY
FAT



I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY
EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING ...



I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAK-
ENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A
TRUE REDUCER ...

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

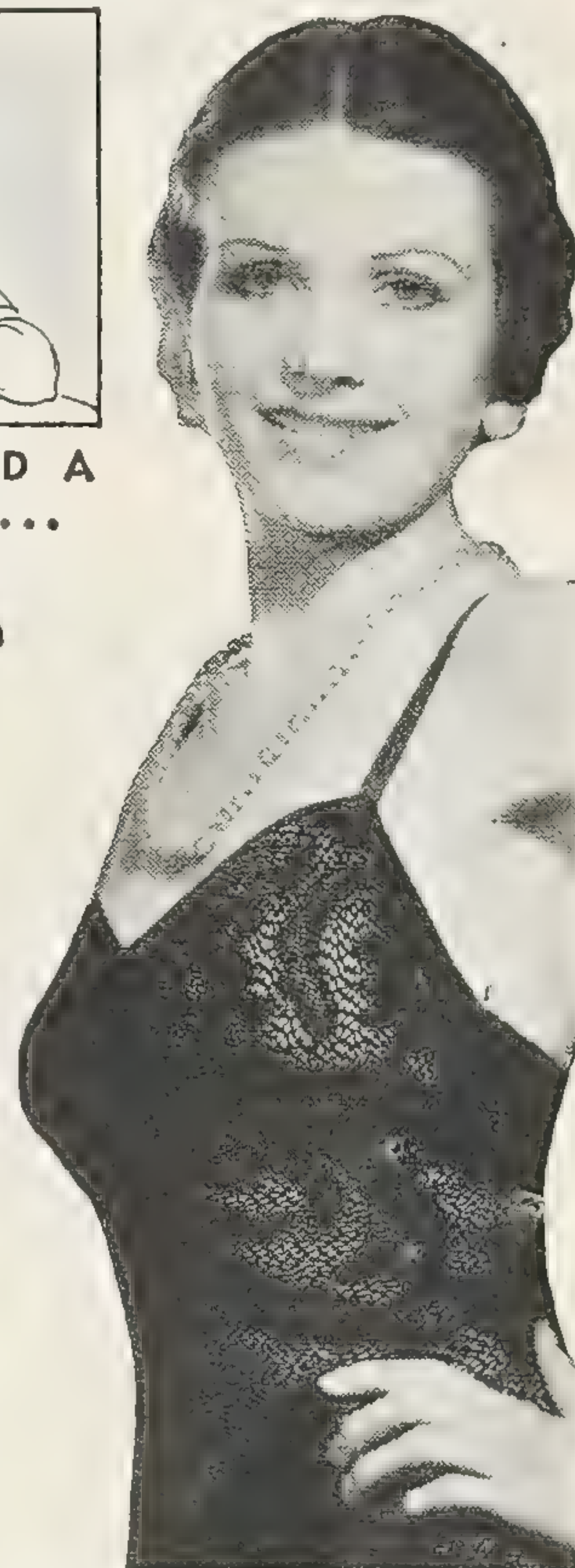
At last a friend suggested a true reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread thruout the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that *does* reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it

has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple. Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA



tion from Douglas Fairbanks? What heart-aches it has caused her, causes her today! Of course, everyone has expected the end for years. But when the public lid blew off, and Mary's unhappiness was blasted into the open at last, she handled herself and admitted the news with the utmost dignity and tact. The whole thing has convinced me that Mary Pickford is now a well-rounded, poised woman.

Mary Pickford at forty! Been everywhere, seen everything, had nearly all the wide world can give. Rich as a sultana, still pretty and zestful, unbelievably ardent for her life's labors.

I left this remarkable mite of a woman with a sure sense that I had met a Someone—an actress whose spiritual horsepower had surmounted every torment of body, mind and soul.

Mary, I who have loved you since the Autumn of 1909, salute you. You are a great gal, and I wouldn't trade you for twenty head of Hollywood's glamorous young crackpots. When they are your age, they'll be fat, sour, and mentally dead. How about you and me going to a show some night?

And now, Sonny, help Grandpa up! He'll be gettin' on back to the Soldiers' Home!

"Dollar a Word"

Continued from page 27

and the reputation of being the best poker player in the Indian service. In 1918, he came to New York to write. That first year, working both day and night, he earned the munificent sum of \$675. Please do your own arithmetic.

Abdullah decided that no writer could be successful if he had to subsist on beans. So he borrowed \$10,000 from a friend and moved to the Ritz. The improved atmosphere gave a new lift to his work. And the fact that he was living like a Sybarite impressed editors and publishers. They succumbed to his apparent success. He received a contract from a weekly magazine. His left hand sold what his right hand sowed. His prices soared. He paid back the loan and moved from the Ritz. Not to a duplex, if you please, but to a triplex apartment on Fifth Avenue, where he maintains a gardener to care for the riotous flower beds on his private roof!

Just now, he's in Hollywood adapting the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," for Paramount. He reports on the set with jingling pockets, suede shoes, yellow socks, plaid trousers, a walking stick, a monocle and fourteen languages.

Frances Marion and Ralph Spence are the Exhibits A's of the cinema world. Their salaries are paid in long distance telephone numbers.

Miss Marion's usual price is twenty-five thousand dollars for an idea that may run less than two thousand words. Out with your fountain-pen! We'll wait a minute while you add, subtract, divide but mostly multiply.

The curious thing about Miss Marion is that she began her career of a writer as an artist! It was up in San Francisco on a newspaper. To this day, she is an avid reader, many of her best stories having been inspired by news events. She works ten hours a day, often on several stories at once, with perhaps a novel "on the side." She writes her adaptations in one-line sentences, somewhat like blank verse, and from this dictates her finished script, and edits her dialogue right on the set, changing it as she hears it spoken by the players.

Did you see "Min and Bill?" Did you

"Who's Afraid—"

The Great Disney
hit is in the
Christmas issue

ELIZABETH WILSON
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
RUTH BIERY
HARRIET PARSONS
JAMES M. FIDLER



From
Walt Disney's
"3 Little Pigs"

Read the
DECEMBER

10c On sale
November
Third

SCREEN

see "Emma?" Well, then, you understand why Marie Dressler is her best friend.

Another big name that rose up from the newspaper ranks, is that of Charles MacArthur. We refuse to point him out as the husband of Helen Hayes. Helen Hayes may be his wife, but his laurels are his own.

He writes reporter-fashion with two fingers on the typewriter. What makes him so unique is that he needs to sit down for only a few minutes to turn out an entire sequence, crackling, polished and finished. He can leave his work midway in the machine, go out to play, and come back to pick up the thread of his continuity just where he dropped it, banging off *finis* with a flourish.

Howard Green of "Blessed Event" and "Morning Glory" fame, is another who served an apprenticeship as a reporter. He was educated and intended for the bar—and we mean the dignified and not the swinging door variety. He earned his first dollar typing manuscripts. Then he went to work on the old New York *Clipper*. Luck called in person. Johnny Hines hired him as a gag man. He went to Hollywood.

It wasn't easy.

He came to the end of his rope more than once. But he tied the end into a knot and hung on. Today, he is a writer-producer with his own unit and only two aversions in the world—spinach and insurance agents.

But then, there's not an author who hasn't a pet aversion. Caraway seed, garlic, gnats holding down eagles' jobs, and soft tooth-brushes are the hot hates of a certain scribe who is at present adapting "Man of Two Worlds" for R-K-O. Ainsworth Morgan is the name and it confesses to being directly descended from the infamously famous pirate. Mr. Morgan's earliest ambition was to be a street car conductor. He married instead. As he goes by on sixteen cylinders, he waves enviously at every yellow street car. He's out to make his pile and retire. He'll be a conductor yet, he vows.

Among the femme writers, little women seem to predominate. Vina Delmar of "Bad Girl" fame is tiny, brittle, bright. Kathleen Shepard who sold "Working Girl" to Paramount is only twenty-four, has no husband, hates beer and bridge, loves filet mignon and lives with a pet eel named Jericho. Bess Meredyth is a platinum blonde with blue eyes. On rainy days, they are very, very blue.

Anita Loos, who tickled the nation's funny bone with her "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," is a pee-wee weighing ninety pounds. She began as a child actress in the days of Mary Pickford, submitting her first scenario to Biograph at the prodigy age of twelve. Miss Loos lives in

a furnished house in Hollywood. She abhors possessions. Once each year, she runs away from everything and everyone. Europe, of course. She has an odd aversion to darkness. Every lamp in her house must be lighted at night and every light must burn all night long.

The day of the lady author with the plateau chest and the spring spectacles is no more.

Jane Storm who collaborated with George Marion, Jr., on "Adorable" is a petite who is always perfectly groomed. Tashman is her model. Paris is her Bible. But she's not just a clothes horse. She works. Strangely enough, her favorite working day is Sunday. "On Sundays, I can get two days' work done in one," she says. "No, there isn't much time nor energy for diversion after you get through at six o'clock. As for playing in the morning—well, I've heard of that but it's probably just another idle rumor."

In a business where collaboration usually ends in battle, S. N. Behrman, author of "Biography" announced that he would not work unless he could work with Sonya Levien. Their partnership has endured for four years. "Sonya makes me laugh. And if you don't laugh in the picture business—you cry."

Miss Levien was born in a little Russian village which boasted less than fifty houses. Yet Mrs. Ben Schulberg and Robert Milton were also destined to be born there—to meet and know each other for the first time in Hollywood.

Jesse Lasky read and liked her magazine short stories and brought her out to learn the business. Has she learned it? Judge for yourself. Among her recent successes are "Daddy-Long-Legs," "Cavalcade," and "State Fair."

She gives this good advice to those who want to break through the ropes. "The motion picture business is a notoriously hard profession. Writers are extremely sensitive persons. A screen writer finds himself part of a ponderous moving machine, working under conditions which make it fatal to think of one's personal feelings. The reward for stoicism, for tremendous persistence under difficulties and under pressure, comes when the picture is finished. If it turns out to be good—you have the excitement of winning a battle. If it turns out badly—you still have the money in your pocket. It is not a profession for anyone who wants a quiet, peaceful life, or is ambitious for literary fame."

Well, those are the ingredients of which successful screen writers are made. There you have them—on the set and off—fighting supervisors, homesickness and the incessant sunshine, but most of all, trying to forget art for art's sake.

At a dollar a word, you and I would do the same!

Drama in the Air

Continued from page 61

accused me of being a 'great big wonderful man!'

"I want you to meet Mr. Parsonnet, he's an excellent director," he continued. "The bows go to Marion for any success I have attained on the radio. An actor is an instrument in a director's hand to do with as he wishes; and any actor who denies that a director can make or break a player is just side-stepping the truth."

Marion Parsonnet and Knowles Entrikin, a character actor with the Drama Guild, joined us—when Jack Roche, Columbia's publicity man, dashed in and said, "Hey, Parsonnet, I wish you wouldn't put on such realistic drama—the *Newark News*

just 'phoned and wanted to know where the plane had crashed. And the calls from frantic fans are too much for me!" Everyone asked Pilot Stephen Fox where he crashed, and how badly was he hurt. In the midst of all this, the 'phone rang again—a long distance call, *The Philadelphia Ledger* wanting to know about the plane crash! We left as Mr. Roche was patiently explaining that Betty Barthell wasn't cut off the air in the midst of her song, that it was done deliberately as part of the act put on by the Drama Guild players, and that the pilot of the plane was Stephen Fox, Columbia's only dramatic actor under contract!



CAROLE LOMBARD, GLAMOROUS PARAMOUNT PICTURES PLAYER

ENTICING EYES

win Love!

● Eyes hold mystery and glamor only when they are set off by rich, dark, long-looking lashes. Such lashes are enticing to men.

Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, skimpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness.

Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffens into coarse, ugly beads. Always looks completely *natural*.

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And... to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new *Winx Eye Shadow*. It is not greasy.

WINX

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LEARN AT HOME

to play by *note*, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Over 600,000 students.

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NEW WRITERS INVITED

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ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely brings back natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. Get Blondex today! Two sizes—NEW inexpensive 25c package and economical \$1.00 bottle. At any good drug or department store. *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set Powder? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky—only 35c.*



Fat Joplin Girl Lost 44 Lbs.

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A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 984, 70 5th Ave., New York

"We!"

Continued from page 56

as suddenly as she did," he explained between scenes of "The Solitaire Man," the first of his trio of pictures. "It was her first visit to Hollywood. She was a little nervous and strange. We had always been together—working together and playing together. It was a tough break for her to come out here all alone. She was afraid that, in her more or less fearful state of mind, she could not do justice to the part. And she decided, wisely, I believe, that it was better not to do it at all than to do it badly. Edna has utterly no conceit. She knew that she could be replaced a dozen times."

The Marshalls have no definite theories about marriage. Their romance was long and slow in the building. They met each other many years ago when they both happened to play in the same English company. They liked each other immensely, became good friends. Then the engagement ended and they were separated. But they met again a season or two later, and took up their companionship where it had ended before. A relationship, which began as a mutually admiring friendship, grew gradually into love.

"It seems to me, looking at the situation from an outside viewpoint, that the reason for the failure of so many Hollywood marriages is their lack of a secure foundation," Herbert said, in his seriously slow-spoken British way. "No sane man would think of building a home on a papier-maché foundation. But apparently sane men and women will rush into marriage, scarcely knowing each other, carried away by the glamor or something like that. They don't wait to build a permanent and stable foundation."

"I don't like to talk about our happiness,

Edna's and mine," he smiled. "Every time I read about the boasted happiness of some couple or other, I feel like sighing a little. You don't talk about the things which are closest to your heart. And I always have the fear that, by the mere speaking of the words, I'll break the spell."

Herbert is fundamentally, but not aggressively, English. His thoughts and ideas are as firmly rooted as are the old trees and stone castles of his native land. He likes and admires and enjoys the colorfulness of a comparatively new Hollywood. But he is not a part of it.

"I think that Edna and I have worked out a very satisfactory scheme of living," he went on. "We don't want to belong to Hollywood, to London, or to New York exclusively. We don't want to be affiliated just with the stage or just with the screen. We hope to divide our time equally between the three. So we've worked out a tri-cornered agreement which will give us six months in Hollywood, six in New York on the stage and six in London."

Herbert never speaks of "I" or "Me." It is always that affectionately companionable "We." Within the last few months that "we" has included tiny Susan, now in England with her grandparents.

"The baby was too small to take on so long an ocean trip," Herbert said, "so when our contracts demanded that we come to Hollywood, we left her in England. But this winter, when we go to New York to do a play, after we have finished our quota of pictures, she will come over to be with us."

With one definite gesture, Herbert exploded the theory that it is unwise for husbands and wives to work together.

"I'd rather play with Edna than any



School's out! Pretty blonde Toby Wing, Paramount starlet, is receiving her high school diploma from F. ... on the studio lot for ... who haven't finished their formal ... is now the sole remaining student.

other actress in the world," he said with sincerity. "In the first place, she's a grand trouper. In the second place, it gives us a new bond of mutual interest. We both want the play to succeed, for ourselves and for each other. In the third place, there is no trace of professional jealousy between us. That jealousy is, I believe, the fly in the ointment of so many professional marriages, especially in Hollywood, where conditions change over night. Today the wife is the star, the big attraction. Tomorrow the husband may be given a picture which will carry him higher than his wife. Up and down go their places in popularity and up and down go their emotions. Jealousy creeps in and happiness is doomed."

Edna is radiantly happy over her husband's success in films. But Herbert doesn't want to be the sole owner of the glory. He hopes to make pictures with

her just as he has done plays with her.

"I work better when I'm working with Edna," he admitted. "She doesn't know the meaning of the word flattery. She criticizes my performance with intelligent clear-sightedness. I'm not saying that we are superhuman or anything like that. I don't know what might happen to us if Edna were a star in one studio and I were working in another, making pictures in exact competition. But I'm inclined to believe that our marriage is so firmly anchored on joint experiences, that we would survive that test without feeling any deadly professional jealousy."

In Hollywood the Marshalls are living in the home of their good friend and fellow Englishman, Ronald Colman. They inherited the Colman servants, quiet unobtrusive English people. They use the Colman cars and live in the Colman quietness, there in the walled hilltop house. But they do not limit their circle of friends to a few intimates, as Colman did. The Marshalls like people. They go about with the British colony members and with the American film folk. When in Hollywood they do as the Hollywoodians do. Just as in New York, they are New Yorkers. And in their beloved London, they are typically Londoners.

"Monotony is another seriously disturbing factor in marriage, in Hollywood as well as anywhere else," Marshall continued, "People who stay in one place, no matter how exciting it is, become too much a part of it. Unconsciously they become a little bored with it and then a little bored with each other. Understand, I'm not advocating these separate homes or separate vacations from marriage. I believe that two people who care for each other should take their vacations from their environment together. Edna and I stay in each place just long enough really to enjoy it and to leave, looking forward to a return."

Before they left England a short time ago, the Marshalls bought a lovely, picturesque river-side house and installed an old boatman caretaker to look after it during their absences. Now they are looking forward to returning to it, after they have enjoyed Hollywood and New York. Their life is one continual looking-forward to something, so they don't tire of anything.



Welcome home, Connie! Constance Cummins, home from England, plays in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," with Paul Kelly.

More Adventures in Hollywood's "Grand Hotel"

Continued from page 31

activity and excitement and unexpectedness of a motion picture lot are things of which it's impossible to tire. Once you have their odor and atmosphere in your nostrils, you can't get them out again. So I've been told by some of the oldest and most experienced actors in the films, and I can well believe it. To move through a sparkling Paris street for twenty yards, and suddenly find yourself in an old English village among flower-grown cottages—to turn the corner and come face to face with a green and sinister jungle—to pass through a tunnel and emerge in gaudy Mexico and out again into the brilliance of a fête at an Austrian court—all this thrills the senses and stirs the imagination to such an extent that it seems unbearably cruel to be forced to drag your reluctant feet away from the gaiety and light and music, and return to the solitary confinement of your cell. Those are the moments

when a writer's job seems to you the hardest, the most desolate and thankless in all Hollywood.

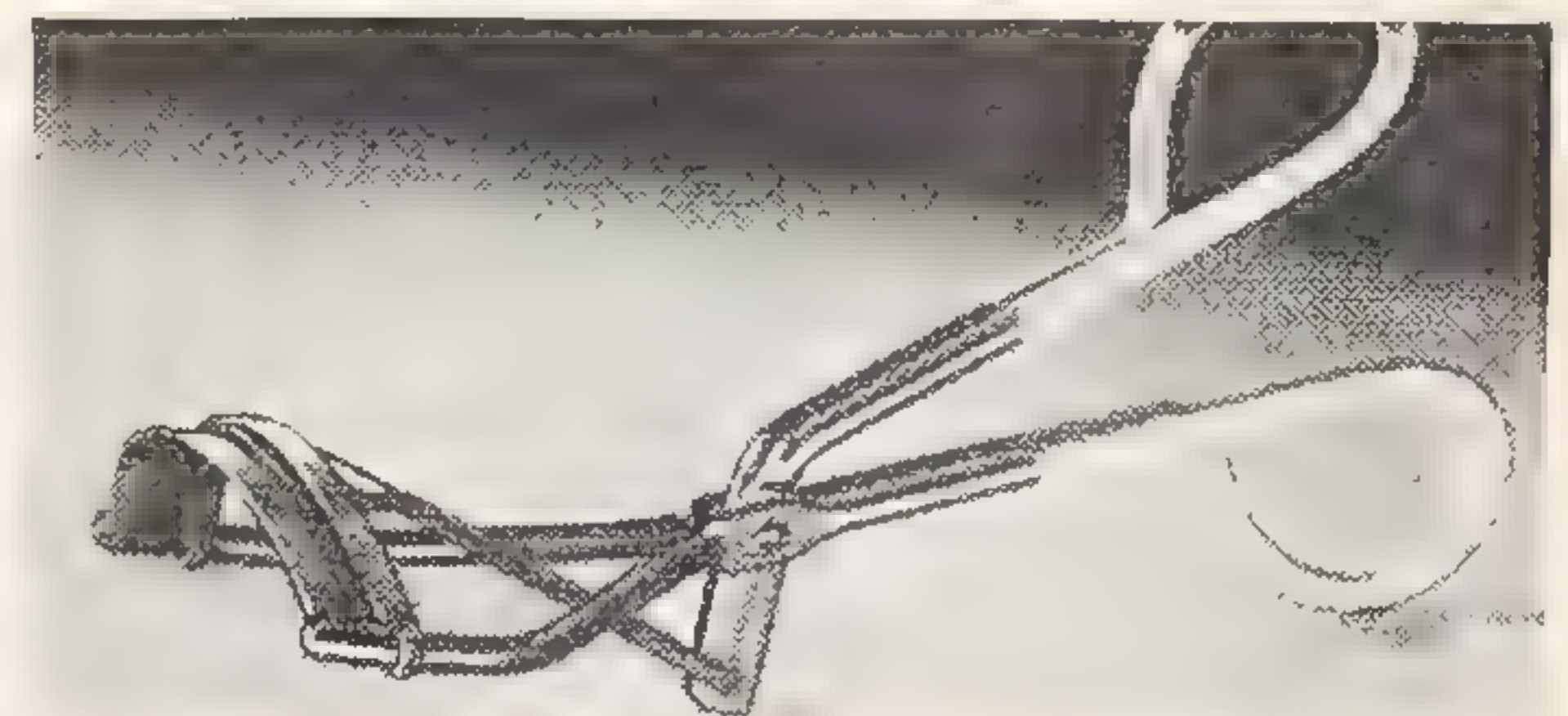
A writer may be given one of three types of assignments. He may be told to write an original story and work it out according to his own notions. This may happen, but it doesn't happen often, the reason being that there is no human way of judging how an original story will strike an audience. There is no touchstone, no test to which it can be put. You may have the freshest and most original idea in the world—its very freshness and originality will frighten the movies off. "It's never been done before—how do we know they'll like it?" They—the million-headed ogre and god which is the movie public, by whose smiles or frowns the movie world lives or dies.

The second and most pleasant type of assignment is to be given a good novel or



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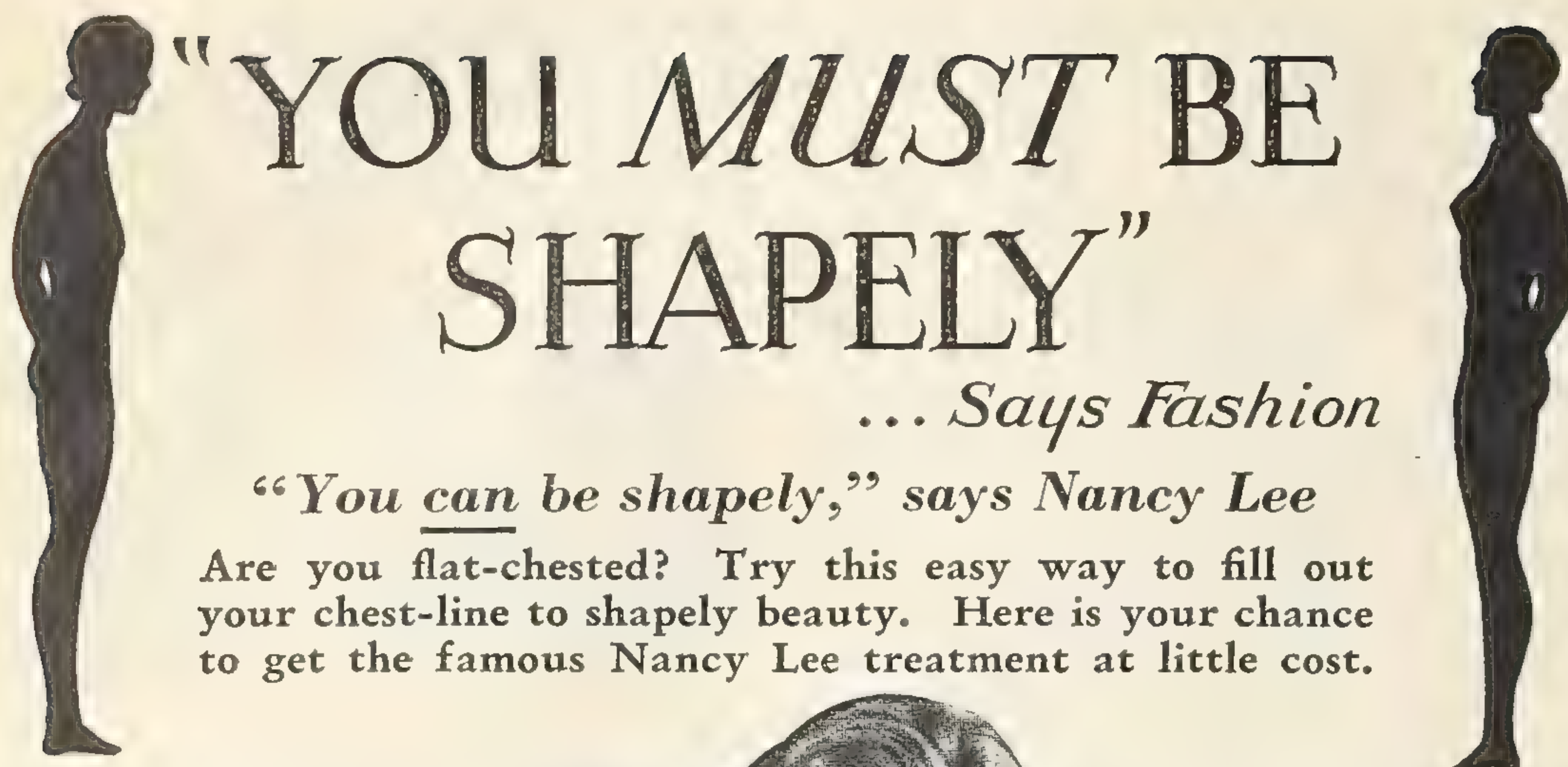
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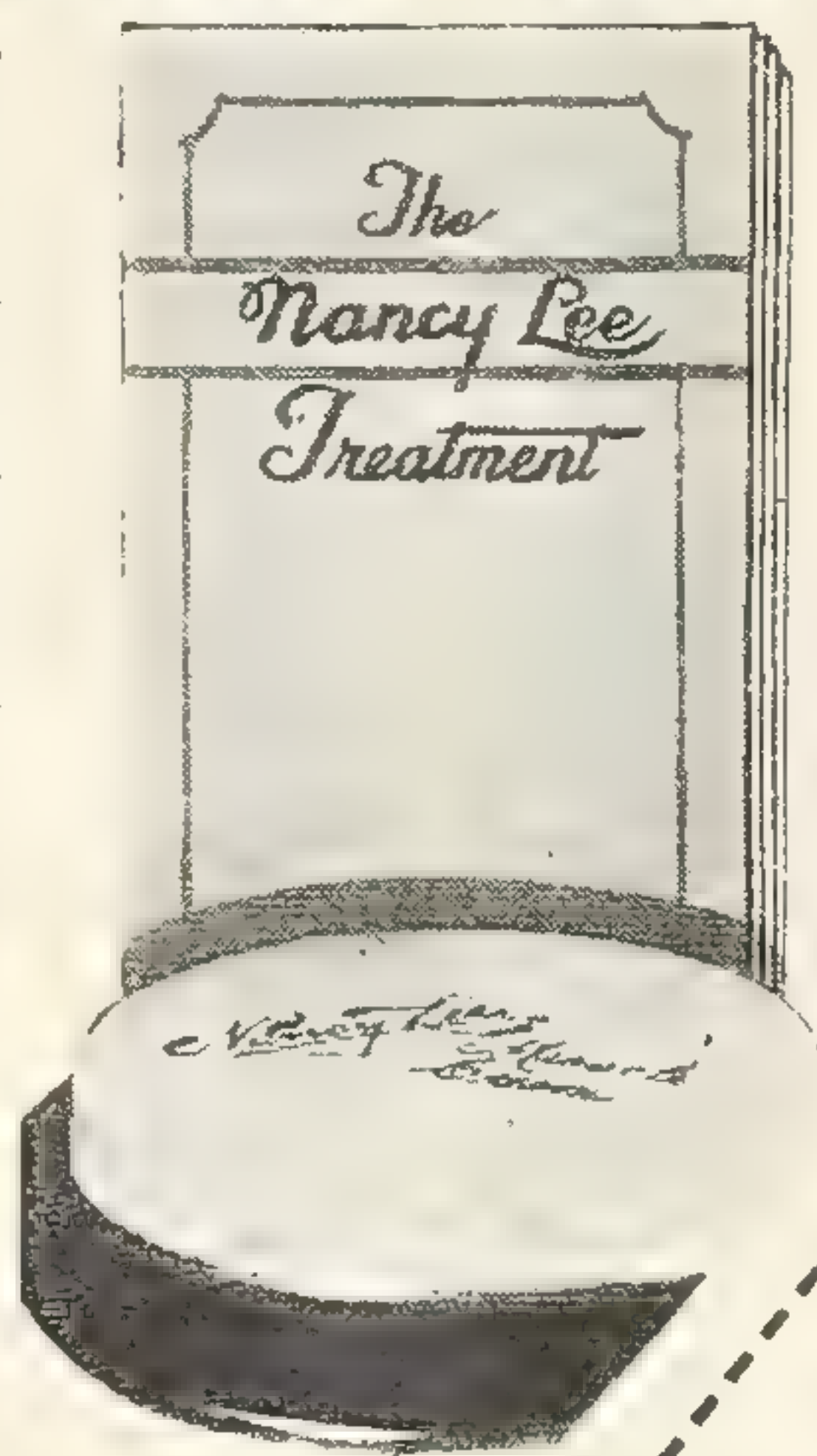
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play to adapt. An adaptation may mean anything from minor technical changes to a complete revolution. There have been many complaints on the part of authors whose novels have been adapted to the screen—complaints which are not in my opinion always justified. Often situations which are good in a novel won't do at all in the films. And then, there is that ever-present, all-important thing in the movies—that thing which I hate and without which no story has ever been brought to the screen—that thing which is called a "twist."

Never, never, never should you try to tell a simple story simply—that's a rule that's hammered into your head from the moment you meet your supervisor to the moment you bid him farewell. Don't do it—it will never in a million years work. It would be as boring as a six-day bicycle race that nobody's tampered with. The "twist" is to the picture what the hocus-pocus is to the six-day bicycle race—a sudden, unexpected touch of something which takes the audience by surprise, which makes them laugh when they expected to cry, which makes them cry when they expected to laugh, which complicates something that was simple and falsifies something that was natural. It saps your spirit, it wrecks your nerves, it breaks your heart—but it makes your picture—the twist.

The third and worst type of assignment you can get is a "lemon." A lemon is a manuscript which has passed through the hands of many, many writers—a manuscript which was probably poor in the first place, which has grown worse and worse in its passage from hand to hand, which is finally tossed to the shelves of the manuscript department to dry up and rot, which is re-discovered and dusted off and handed over to some unlucky wretch: "Here—see what you can do with it."

Curiously enough, it will sometimes happen that one of these very lemons, apparently squeezed dry of every drop of juice it ever contained, somehow, fantastically, in this business where so much is fantastic, manages to become a hit. I was once awarded a lemon of this kind, and I was No. 29 to try my hand at it.

The point of the story was that a poor devil of an Egyptian dragoman fell in love with a very snooty English lady of high rank. Every time I saw my supervisor, he would harp on that point, urging me to emphasize and exaggerate in every way possible this difference in rank and station—the tragic passion of the Egyptian, the unapproachable glamor of the lady.

As you can see for yourselves, it was hardly a story to wind up in a clinch. The English lady, swept off her feet by the mystery and dangers of the desert, yields to an overpowering emotion and falls into the arms of the dragoman. After a brief idyl of love they part, he to return to his *milieu*, she to hers, both cherishing their memories.

I worked like a fiend on the story, I did my best to supply what I thought was wanted, and I was overjoyed, on completing my labors, to find myself showered by congratulations from my bosses—a very rare thing in Hollywood.

Soon after that I was obliged to leave town for a while and I took my departure, feeling very well-satisfied with myself—bursting with pride, to be honest, in my ability as a screen writer.

On my return, I was told that the story was in production and doing very well. Meanwhile, however, rumors had reached my ears to the effect that this lemon had been passed on to the hands of at least eight more authors since I had done my part.

At noon I met the director of the pic

ture in the commissariat of the studio. "We're shooting that story you worked on," he told me. "Come take a look at it. We're doing the wedding ceremony today."

"Who's getting married?" I inquired cautiously.

"Who do you suppose? The girl and the boy, of course."

"But how can they? He's a poor dragoman and she's an English lady."

"Oh, we've fixed all that," he assured me. "He was really a prince in disguise."

"Even so," I said, trying not to blink too idiotically. "He's still a black prince and she's a white woman."

"That's where you're wrong," he grinned. "They discovered—what do you think—that she was a half caste."

Would you like to know how the normal day of a writer in Hollywood ends? Well, it's something like this. At six o'clock you heave a sigh, take a look at your muddled desk, decide that your muddled head won't work any longer and that you'll call it a day. You reach the door and the telephone rings. The supervisor

would like to see you at seven. You sit hopefully in his waiting-room till nine, when he asks you in. At 10:30 you leave the studio—there's no one at the door now to check you out—the good-looking boys have gone home. You're trying to bear up under the blow just dealt you by the supervisor, who has informed you kindly but firmly that the meeting you've contrived with so much agony between your lovers is banal, and that the motive you've supplied for their falling in love is inadequate. You go home, you eat a little dinner, you sit in your bathtub and the whole performance starts all over again.

Would you like to know the feelings of a writer in Hollywood? I can give them to you in a nutshell. When I was first introduced to the head of my studio, he said: "You're considered a good writer, Miss Baum, and of course you've had a certain amount of success in the world. But that means nothing to us. You've got to prove that you're a good writer in Hollywood, and until then you don't count."

You don't count in Hollywood—and that's exactly how you feel.

Jean Harlow's 3rd Marriage

Continued from page 21

Oh, he will be painted as handsome. One writer has already referred to his mustache as "distinguished." Another compared him to the late Paul Bern, Jean's second husband.

Erase all such description from your mind. Hal Rosson, one of my good friends, is just an ordinary guy, even as you and I. He isn't handsome by far, and he knows it. He is certainly not "distinguished." As for comparison with Bern, that is most ridiculous. Except that Rosson, like Paul Bern, is rather less than medium in height, and has the same kind of "immature mustache," I see no reason for comparing them.

At the golf club, where Hal and I often play together, he is a popular member. Men like him, and he is always a welcome addition to any match. He is a good sport. He is possessed of a remarkably even temperament. He is a fine loser and an equally pleasant winner. He is, to be precise, a man's man.

That he is also a woman's man goes without saying. Jean Harlow married him, didn't she?

The three of us have often played together. In fact, my first intimation that they were in love came on the golf links. I noticed that he condoned her poor shots, and enthused about her fine ones. When a masculine golfer achieves that interest in a feminine golfer, there's more in the air than drives and putts.

Hal would watch her with adoring eyes. After a particularly good shot, he would sometimes glance at me and smile happily. I honestly believe that Rosson enjoyed her good shots better than his own. I am a golfer, and I can tell you that nothing could better prove love than the statement just offered.

Rosson has made no secret of his love for Jean. Ever since he photographed her in "Red Headed Woman," he has been in love with her. I think the reason no one took his declarations seriously was that many other men also were in love with Jean, and they weren't secretive about their worship, either. Most of these other suitors were far handsomer than Hal, and

I rather believe that Hollywood expected Miss Harlow to wed a dashing hero-type, or a romantic millionaire. Therefore, most of us regarded Rosson's asserted love rather amusedly. Had Hal been a less popular chap, we might have pitied him.

Still, I am not particularly surprised that she chose him. Jean has told me countless times that masculine handsomeness means nothing to her. She has always looked for good sportsmanship and cleverness. I'll say for her that she has found both in Hal Rosson.

Don't think, because he is a cameraman, that he is merely a salaried worker. Rosson was once a director. The coming of talking pictures, which strangely twisted the careers of many in Hollywood, abruptly cut short Rosson's directorial success. Now he has become one of the film industry's ace cameramen, and his weekly salary far exceeds that of many fine directors. Furthermore (and this can be regarded only as a prophesy, of course), Rosson will return to his directorial capacity ere long.

I was one of the first to hear about the wedding, for Jean telegraphed me from Yuma. Her wire read, in part: "Dear Jimmie. Hal and I married here today. You were right." [A few weeks previously I had predicted, on my radio program, that I anticipated Jean's marriage to Rosson]. "Wish you were here. Jean." Of course, that final tag was in the nature of a jest. Jean wished no such thing.

On her return, Jean told me that she and Hal arrived in Yuma hours before the hour at which the Justice of Peace ordinarily crawls out of bed. Nothing daunted, they hammered on that austere gentleman's door until he answered.

"And was he peeved!" exclaimed Jean. "Until he found out that it was Jean Harlow he was invited to marry," interrupted Hal. "Then he was all smiles and jollification."

"And of all things!" said Jean. "When the ceremony ended, I looked down and saw I had a run in my stocking. It was too early for stores to be open, so I did the next best thing—I took the stockings off and returned home bare-legged."

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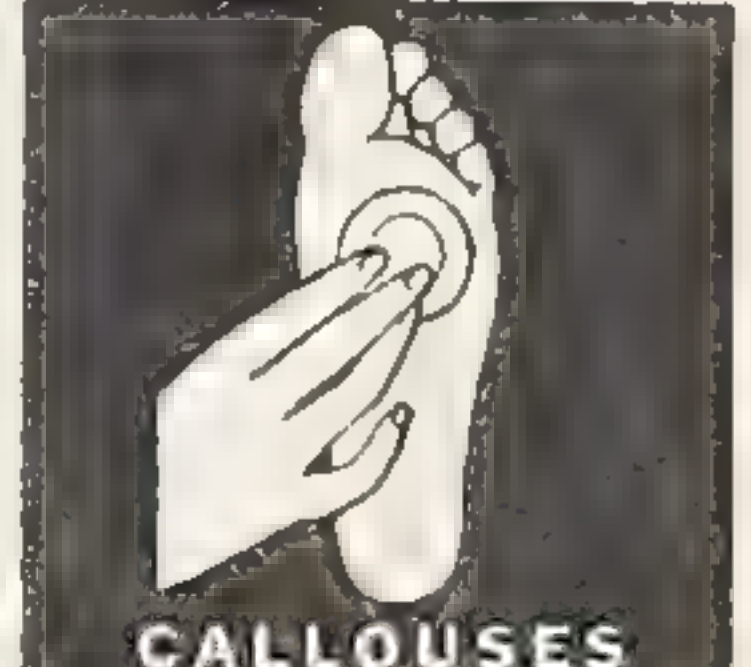
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The Return of Lillian Gish

Continued from page 53

yesterday, and many a day before that? What has our gentle Lillian been doing, all these years she has been away from our midst?

Living, growing—always growing, in mental and spiritual grace. It is no exaggeration to say that in her quaint, individual way, Lillian Gish is one of the great women of our time.

She exerts a subtle yet tremendous power over those among whom she moves. A great spiritual influence. Her intimates are sometimes leaders in the world of thought. Our old Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, bemused with the world's woes. George Jean Nathan, most critical of critics. Joseph Hergesheimer, outstanding colorist among American novelists. Many more. Yet she will always turn from them to mother the motherless—befriend the friendless.

Those who know Gish best, love her most—truest test of human character. Mary Pickford, who brought Lillian to Griffith twenty years ago, and grew up with her in the picture world, is one of her most devoted friends. Recently the forthright little Pickford has been laboring with Lillian to get her to bob the famous tresses that have been famous for their beauty for years.

Lillian actually laughed out loud when I told her how Mary had described to me this world-shaking crusade.

"Yes, she has tried her hardest to get me to bob my hair. But a week or two ago I went to the hair-dresser with Mary. After watching what she went through, for two hours, to keep her own shorn head in perfect trim, I swore I'd wear long hair forever. And I shall!" And she will!

Lillian, during her long absence from the screen, has made an honored name in the theatre. Her performance in Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya," a thing of superlative beauty, will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

And after the play, these last few years?

I am reticent about even mentioning Lillian Gish's life away from the spotlight and the spangles. Yet one cannot judge and appreciate this remarkable woman without realizing that for nine long years her whole life has revolved about that of her beautiful mother, May Gish, who has lain paralyzed and helpless all these endless days—and nights.

Almost never is Lillian absent from her side. Since the tragic day that Mrs. Gish was stricken, during a trip abroad, Lillian's life is only lived for her. May Gish, whose days and nights were miracles of tender care for Lillian and sister Dorothy when they were child actresses, tramping the long trail of one-night stands the country over.

There's nothing maudlin about this stupendous mother-love. But when Lillian says "I can't imagine a world without mother," it isn't imagination that sees her eyes grow a bit more luminous with a hint of unshed tears.

In the summer Lillian and her mother have a little house in the lush Connecticut country back of Norwalk—a small house with an old-fashioned garden, where Mrs. Gish, on fine days, can be brought into the open to lie in the shade of the trees. Early Fall sees them in a spacious and comfortable apartment in New York, whose windows look out upon the city beyond the East River, with its ever-changing lights and colors.

barges moving about far below.

There Lillian and Mrs. Gish spend their days, surrounded by a group of truly devoted friends.

It is a quiet and a gentle life, as Lillian would have it. She has never married, and I doubt that she ever will. Certainly not during the life of her mother. There is no serious swain in the picture. Her long romantic friendship with George Jean Nathan, the dramatic critic, is over.

Yet Gish believes in marriage, as the happiest and most natural state for two people who are fond of each other. She has an instinctive feeling for true companionship—the intimate friendship of congenial minds and hearts. I believe she loves and venerates this more than anything else in life.

Back to the bustling set—the hurrying crowds which revolve around Lillian Gish, the star.

Is this making of "The Great Adventure" the beginning of another motion picture career for Lillian Gish?

I doubt it. I know that a great Hollywood studio is trying to lure her to the Gold Coast for a series of films. But Lillian says, with perfect truth, that she feels she has grown past merely making another parade of pictures.

She was at it for so many laborious

years! She worked so long and so well, and the name of Lillian Gish, in any possible history of the movies, will loom large as one of the greatest of the silent artists.

Of course, if the perfect chance comes—if a story and a part strike fire in her mind—nothing will keep her from the camera. Celluloid, for all the passing of toil and time, is in her artist blood.

But just another movie? Thank you, no. And who can blame her?

You Gish fans of the grand old days—I wanted you to know of my visit with this lovely ghost. To realize that she is as lovely as ever, and even more beloved by those who come in contact with her. You should hear the ravings of Mr. Young, who is privileged to play opposite her in this new screen adventure.

One of these days a talkie called "The Great Adventure" will be advertised at your theatre and mine. And all we Gish addicts will rush down to see it, by way of welcoming our girl friend after this four-year absence.

I'm sorry, but you won't be first in the line that awaits the opening of the house. I don't give a toot how early you get up. When you arrive, there will be a weazened little old feller dozing against the box-office window. That will be Hall.

Reunion on Long Island

Continued from page 25

Colbert and Charlie Ruggles and Miriam Hopkins. There the Marx monkeys began their flicker fortunes. There's a story in every fleck of dust on that studio floor!

Suddenly, after that long two-year snooze, the doors were flung open. Five thousand bats flew out—all the souls of bad actors better off dead.

"Come on!" said the owners. "Anyone who wants to make a talkie is welcome. You put up the do-re-mi, and in half an hour we'll have a complete crew of stagehands, electrical wizards and technical geniuses on the job."

And thus it was that the fun began!

In the twinkling of a phoney eye-lash someone started making a picture. Eastern movie men who had been reading the want-ads for two years suddenly had jobs. The old lot resounded with glad cries of "Hello, Pete!", "Hi, Jake!" and "When do we eat?" It was too true to be wonderful!

I dropped out to the dear old place not long ago, while they were shooting some scenes for the film version of the Broadway musical hit, "Take a Chance." And darlings, it was so mad and marvelous, so truly in the great tradition of the movies—that I sat right down on a sleeping property boy and cried my eyes out! It was the happy Hollywood of the old days—the movies running amuck!

In the first place, there were the actors!

Who should heave into view but Buddy (no more Charles) Rogers! Heavier, but still beautiful. It was on this sacred spot that the immortal Buddy, with Kansas wheat-dust still in his hair, graduated from the first and only class of the Paramount Pictures School, and went on to glory. Here he first looked pretty for the camera eight (can it be possible?) years ago!

I looked again, and saw James, or Jimmy, Dunn, totally minus a Sally Eilers. He was on from the west to do a fat comedy part. Jimmy with the winning Irish ways, the contagious smile that leaves New York night clubs limp and gasping.

And, speaking of Dunn, Romance had already reared its dizzy head on the "Take

a Chance" set. The leading girl was none other than June Knight, the blonde charmer who was Jimmy's Best Girl years—not many—ago, when both were winning their ways together in the same musical comedy on Broadway.

Jimmy had gone west to pictures, and was mentioned by wire in connection with at least half of Hollywood's prettiest minxes. June, on Broadway, ran up an impressive roster of boy-friends, winding up, not long ago, with Mr. Max Baer, the eminent nose-mangler and ear-scrambler of the prize-ring.

And here they were on Long Island—together again, romancing around, and holding hands for all the world to see! Off with the new love, on with the old!

I saw Lillian Bond lending proceedings an English-Broadway-Hollywood air. And who also was on exhibition but Lillian Roth! Shucks! You remember Lillian! She was one of the earliest entrants in the musical films of the old (four years ago) days, and got her great chance in Paramount's beautiful Technicolor "The Vagabond King." About a year ago Mlle. Roth married a New York judge and handed in her dinner pail.

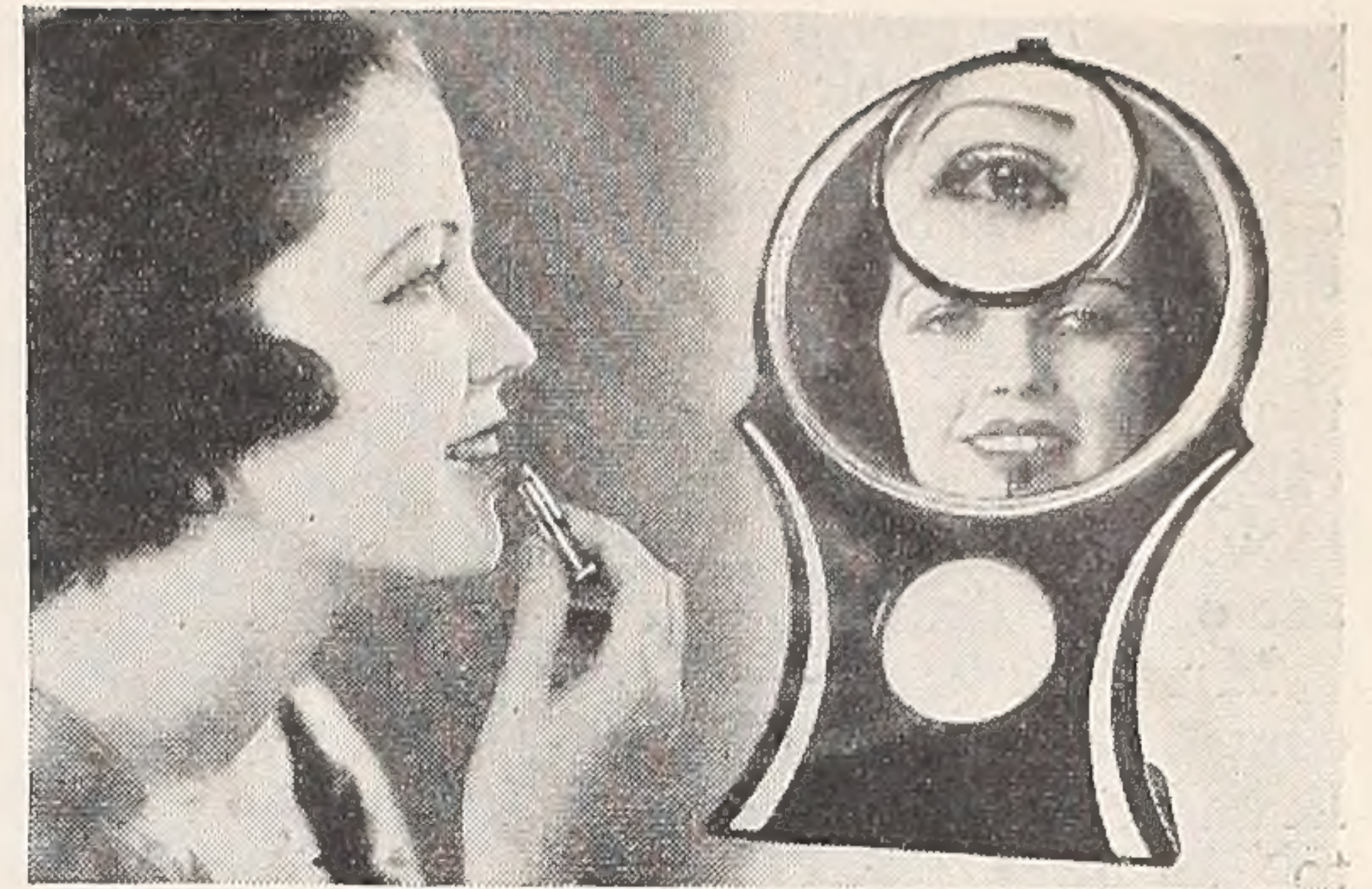
But the call of the Kliegs was too loud. And here she was again, prettier than ever, and singing her lungs out on *Eadie Was a Lady*, the song of the decade.

And here, too, was Cliff Edwards, the "Ukelele Ike" of pious memory. No Metro picture was considered legal without Ike, in 1929 and 1930. He was the J. Durante of that era.

But the troupe is only part of the story of the Paramount Eastern Studio as of even date. Everything combines to make the grand old plant the hub of motion picture madness of this day and age!

When I walked on the "Take a Chance" set I stumbled into the midst of a large and confused crowd, consisting of sixty or seventy people. None or few, had visible means of support.

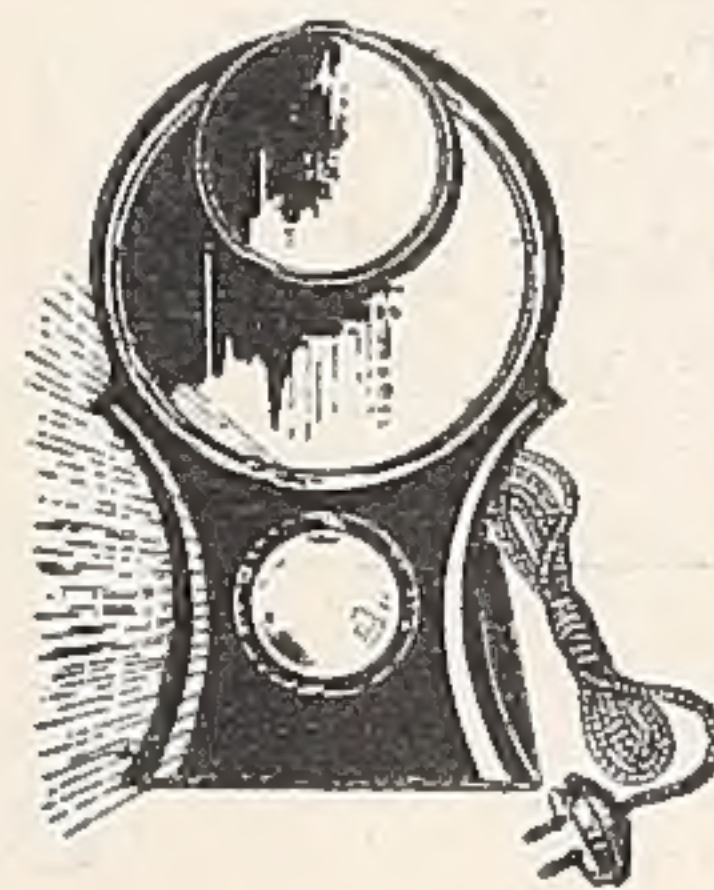
Fifteen or twenty scene-shifters, or grips, stood about excavating luncheon from their store teeth. Some few stag-



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gered about with bits of scenery, yelling "Hup!"—"Look out, thar!"—"Comin' through!" Enough light-men tinkered with cables to run the illuminating system of the greater city.

What really caught my soul was the fact that there were two directors, as of the early talkie era. One, of course, for the movie end; one, naturally, to care for the art of the drama.

Mr. Monte Brice officiated for the cinema bunch. Mr. Lawrence Schwab, Broadway producer of girl shows, sat by to see that the drammer got at least an even break.

The scene to be shot was not, as you might guess, the Closet Scene from "Hamlet." In fact, Mr. James Dunn was being thrown out of a speakeasy into the luscious arms of Miss Lillian Roth, who was waiting on the sidewalk. Simple enough, one might think.

Bells rang, rockets flashed, lights glared. "It's a take!" screamed three or four young men at no one in particular. We were all still as little mice. Mr. Dunn was duly booted out of the saloon. "Cut," said Mr. Monte Brice. It looked all right.

But I, of course, was quite wrong.

Mr. Schwab, of the theatre, arose in his might from the directorial camp-stool where he had been sitting and sneering.

"No—no—NO!" remarked Mr. Schwab. "Not at ALL! Jimmy, you are not being asked into the garden for a dish of tea! You are being given the bum's rush from a speak because you cannot cough up enough scratch for the tab. Now please, boys and girls, I ask you—"

And while this was going on, Mr. Brice representing the Art of the Cinema, was looking as though he had swallowed an anchovy the wrong way, and memories of such directorial teams of the old days in Hollywood filled my old eyes with a saline solution that could not, of course, have been tears.

The heart-throb was too much. I fled. In a large and dirty rehearsal hall I found the highly-talented Mr. Bobby Connolly rehearsing fifty beauteous chorus girls for "Take a Chance." Mr. Connolly, wearing a large cigar and white pants, assured me that the girls had eight very tough numbers to learn, and were doing fine, while the young ladies of the ensemble worked frantically at reading novels, catching cat-naps and swapping gossip. Where on

earth could one find such sleepy zeal, such dozing energy, save in a good old studio slaving away at a musical movie?

Oh memories that bless and burn!

I had seen once more, before I came to die, every crazy, wonderful, beloved thing that had made the movies my heart's delight—the alienists' Heaven, the nerve-doctors' Paradise!

Just across the East River from Manhattan's sane (?), sober (??), businesslike (???) world was everything the movie cosmos had loved long since, and lost awhile.

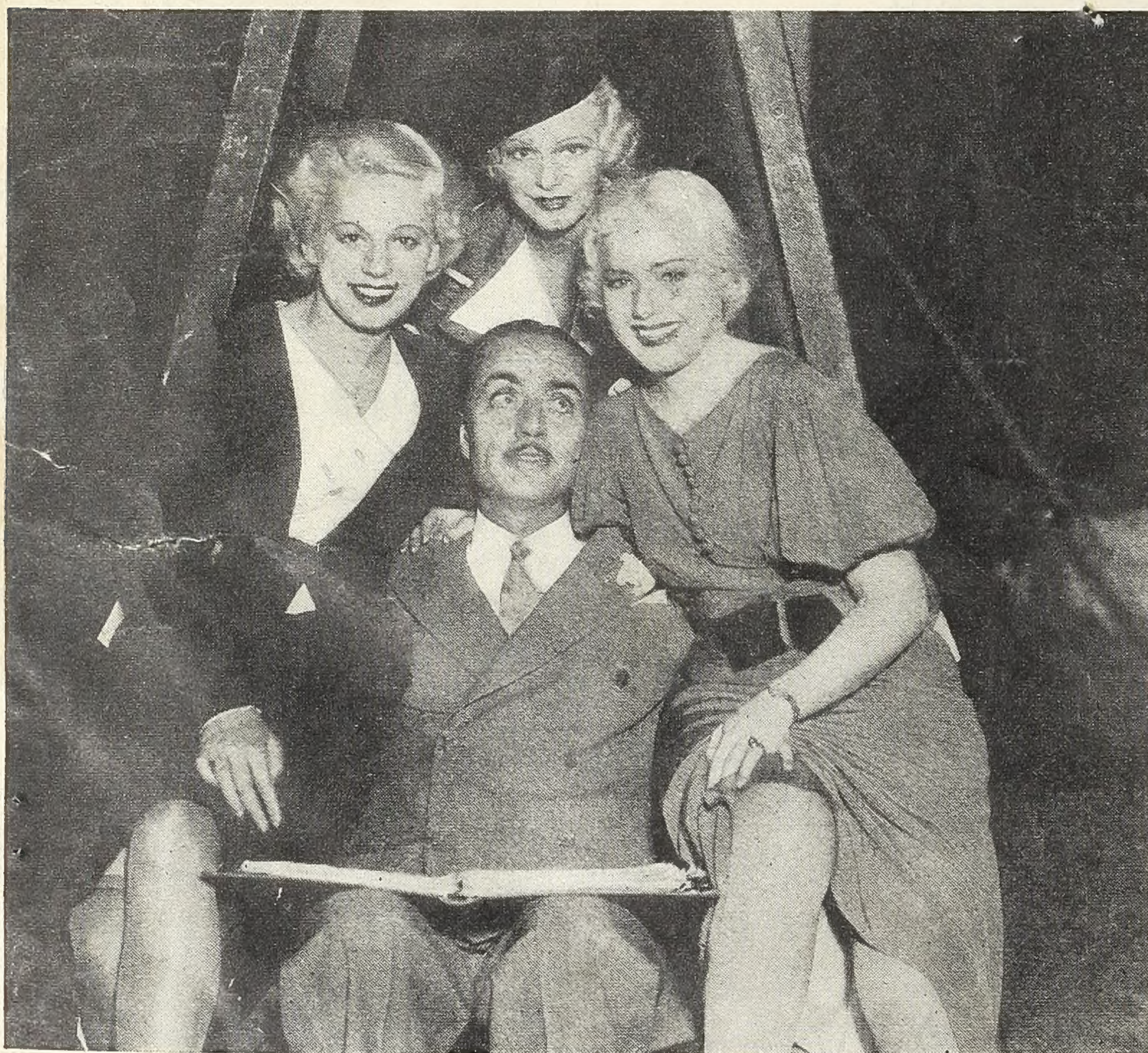
There, on the Long Island flats, I found Jimmy Dunn and June Knight holding hands—Buddy Rogers still the cash-girls' dream—a hundred people rushing about screaming.

This tale has been written with a typewriter and a song in my heart. Once more I find myself VITALLY interested in the movies! Again I am up to the arm-pits in the beloved cinema!

For I have discovered, bless my heart, one spot on this budgeted, balanced earth where the film-making art is once more charming, nutty and unbelievably nice. Go thou, my comrades, and do likewise!

She Isn't Like That at All!

Continued from page 57



"How can a fellow learn his lines?" Bill Powell asks, not too plaintively, as Marie Dees, Virginia Dabney and Loretta Andrews seek to lighten his mental labors in preparing for "The Kennel Murder Case." Cheer up, Bill—there are lines and lines!

large sums of money for intriguing bottles of exotic perfumes. But the one odor she finds absolutely irresistible, we have her word for this, is the smell of freshly buttered popcorn!

One can picture her ordering crêpe suzettes from an obsequious head waiter hovering near. Instead, she is more apt to munch an ice cream cone and her

favorite dinner dish is "lamb chops."

Of such contradictions is this lady made. Almost every thing she seems to be she isn't! She isn't languorous. She once ran the hundred-yard dash in twelve seconds. She plays tennis. She ought to be thinking about her "art," but the chances are she's looking for a new chair for her living room. She ought to enjoy shopping

and planning new clothes—she is one of those best-dressed women on the screen, you know—but she enjoys deep-sea fishing much more. She should be always elegantly indolent. Instead she is occasionally gloriously lazy.

So, if you're disappointed, don't go on. The interviewer wasn't disappointed, he was amazed—and delighted. Any screen siren who likes bacon and eggs and declares that she can cook them "beautifully," wins his attention any time.

It didn't seem possible that Miss Francis could rest on anything less luxurious than a chaise-lounge. But, believe it or not, she likes a hammock better.

In keeping with the mysterious screen personality she has built up—and which we are now busy tearing down—one would imagine she would read decadent French novelists, or perhaps Ibsen or Tolstoy. But she is addicted to detective fiction and to Hemingway and other moderns.

She seems to be the very soul of dignity but she likes a good fight and a six-day bicycle race she finds irresistible! She might be one who would gamble magnificently for enormous sums. Instead she plays bridge—for small stakes.

A novelist, writing about such a woman, would give her lion cubs for pets. But she is content with two dachshunds, two cats, a parrot, a rabbit, a canary, several goldfish, and three frogs. And if you are one of those who think of Miss Francis as efficient only in the art of being beautiful, be advised now that she is also proficient as a typist and in taking short-hand notes.

She might, one would suspect from her pictures, have as many jewels as Peggy Hopkins Joyce is supposed to have. But she hates diamonds and wears only old-fashioned brooches and a pair of inexpensive ear-rings, for good luck. She ought to be above such mundane things as superstition—but she won't wear blue.

In fact, this screen "lady of mystery" is really just a woman of charm. Miss Francis has been seen in boudoirs and period living-rooms so often, dressed in such intriguing gowns, playing at being exotic and alluring, that it is a distinct shock to find her as she really is—refreshingly natural.



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about **YOU?** shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY --- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON



The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She is lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling* compliment.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up so clever, so artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

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